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WEEK ENDING JUNE 19, 1926

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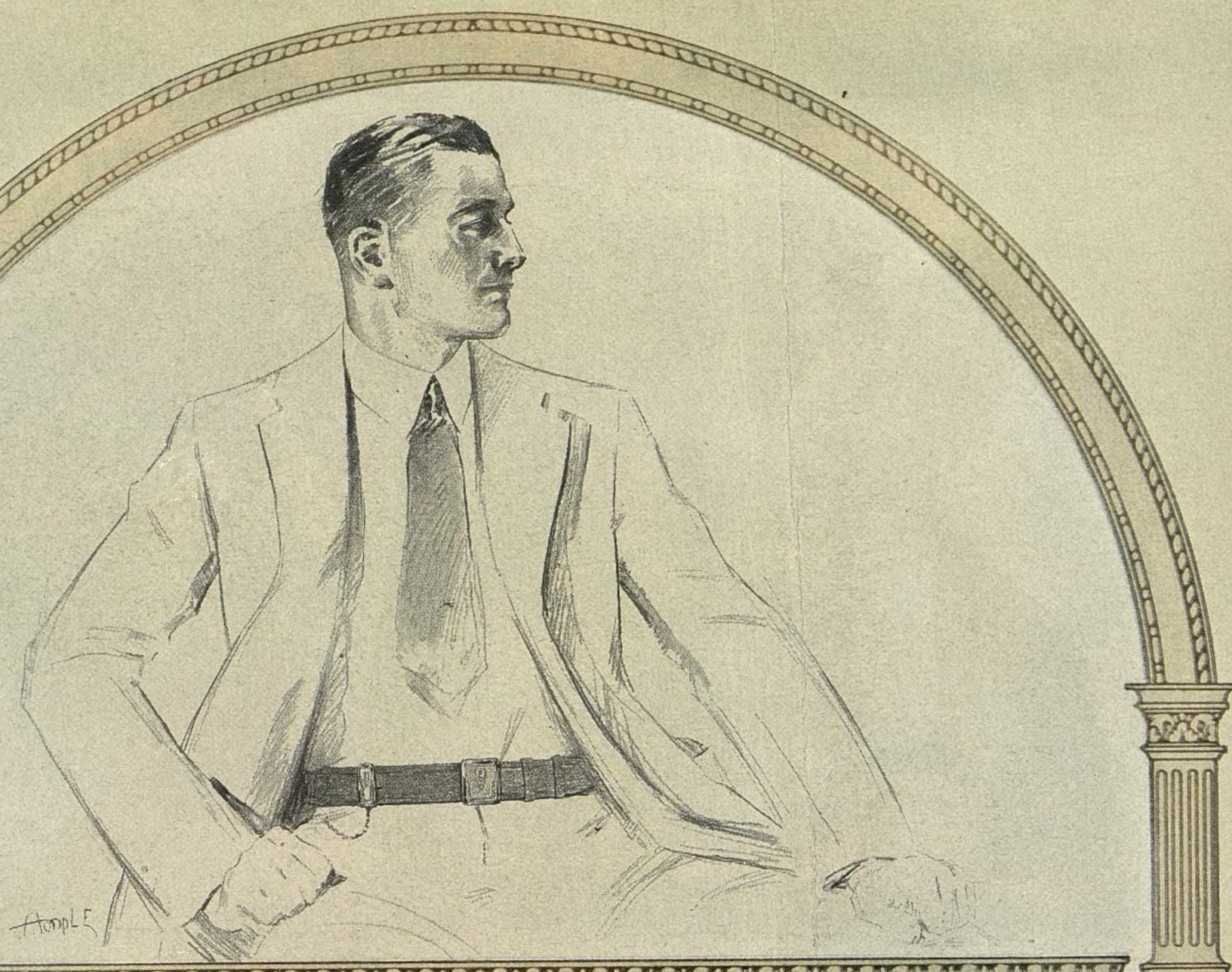
Liberty

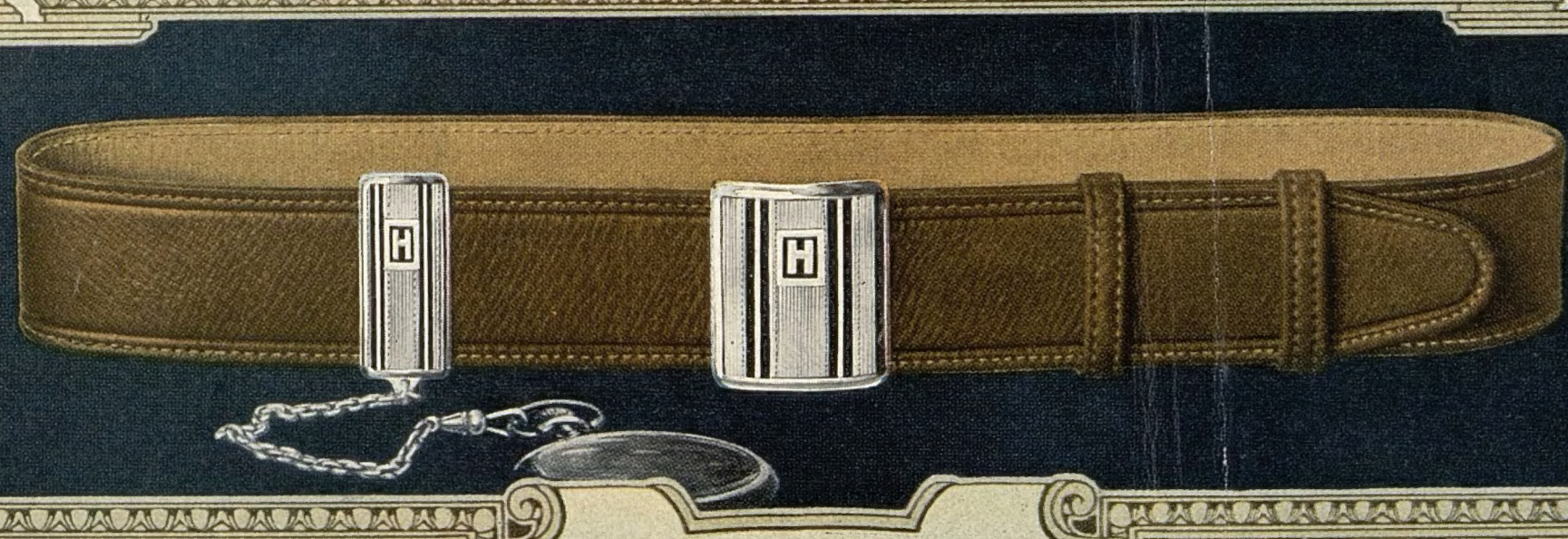
A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

"Aunt Jane" – The Old Lady from Hell

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS





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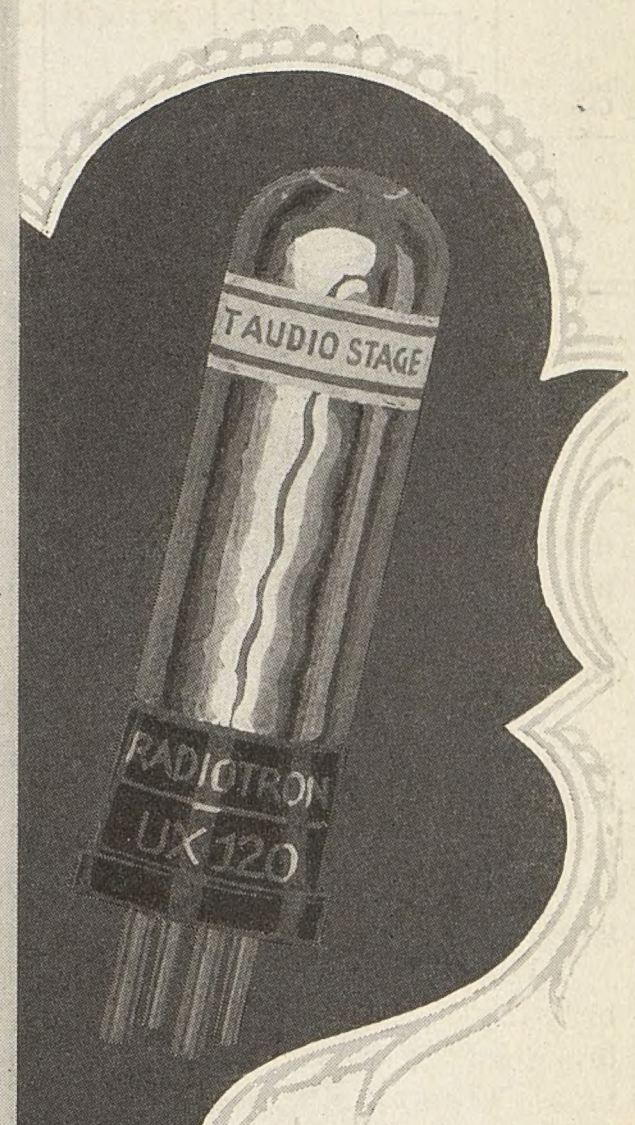

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New York Chicago San Francisco

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JUNE 19, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3
No. 7

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

SINCLAIR LEWIS AND BABBITT—*An Editorial*

Sinclair Lewis has visualized a Main Street god and defied it to strike him dead. Added to that he has refused the Pulitzer prize of $1,000 for the best novel of 1925 on the theory that $1,000 is a sum large enough to corrupt writers and influence their writings.

Lewis, who writes rather boring books about dull people, is a result of sending a Sauk Center boy to Yale and grafting sophomoric atheism upon contempt for Corn Belt culture. He is an acute example of the boy whose people sacrifice and work that he may be educated and succeed only in making him feel too good to associate with the home folks.

His gesture in defying God is reminiscent of the small-town bravo who, after telling a lie, says he hopes "God may strike him dead" if it isn't true. His own idea of God is quite as ridiculous as is the god he pictures Main Street as worshiping. It is no more like the true God, as the devout see Him, than Lewis' small-town characters are like the real ones.

Some authors appear to develop the god-complex easily and to mistake the results of their good publicity work and salesmanship for the proof of divine genius. After a few sessions with the mutual admiration association of successful writers, the tendency is to deny Providence any credit for their talents.

They forget that special skill in laying bricks, selling automobiles, building bridges, digging ditches, or organizing for the improvement of cities or towns, is quite as much a talent as composing best sellers.

They forget also that skill in putting words together does not necessarily carry with it greater wisdom or sounder judgment. It simply confers upon writers the privilege of gaining a wider hearing for their notions, which may be, and often are, very thin indeed.

The professional writer of the Lewis type gives this writer a sharp, distinctly localized pain. Main Street and Babbitt, used as contemptuous synonyms for the average American town and the average business man, indicate the assumption of superiority by a class largely unessential and partly parasitical.

The American business man is one of the most ingenious and intelligent human beings the world has ever seen. For all their great skill in the use of words, Socrates lived in a kimono in a warm climate, and Shakespeare lived in a state of bodily filth and discomfort of domicile that any American clerk would deem barbarous. The business man developing the inventions of the inventor is most responsible for this change. The celebrated proletarians had little if anything to do with it. They merely obeyed orders and their orders came from the Babbitts.

The Babbitts put shoes on Mr. Lewis' feet and a hat on his head, and gave him all the garments in between. They built the buildings of the university he attended and endowed them. They handed him a typewriter for less than $100 and gave him copy paper at considerably less than a cent a sheet. They carried news of his defiance of God across the country over their telegraph wires, printed it in their newspapers, and distributed it throughout the country.

If the posturings of Lewis are to attract attention to himself and to his books, he is a good mountebank. Look at the space he is drawing here.

If he actually believes he is better or more useful than the Babbitts, he's a chump. The Babbitts are indispensable to our civilization—and Lewis is not.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Great Story from Sax Rohmer

SOMETIMES you get hold of a story that makes you want to tell everybody: "This is good! Don't miss this one!" Such a tale is WITHOUT SURRENDER by SAX ROHMER. Laid in the lotus-eaters' paradise of Madeira, it's about the love romance of a venturesome girl who liked to play with fire. Read it—and we'll wager it will get you, through its tremendous aliveness and drama.

To learn the truth about Gotham's midnight whirl, MILDRED HARRIS took a job as hostess in an open-to-members-only cabaret—and came out with strange secrets. She lifts the curtain in a startling article called THE NIGHT CLUBS OF NEW YORK.

Of course there's a dog in FOR SALE—DOG; the kind of beguiling pup that makes you feel there must be a canine heaven. But there're also two lovers into whose lives Sniffer II pokes a mischievous paw. Result: no end of a tragi-comic tangle. EDWARD HOPE wrote it.

ROSITA FORBES, most intrepid of women explorers, discloses how the mysterious East solves its crime problems in an article called AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

Many topics are now discussed at the family fireside that a stevedore would have been thrown out of a barroom for talking about in the reign of Queen Victoria, says MR. DOOLEY. So, at the risk of being pinched, he shows how many laughs lurk in EUGENICS.

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE gives a new account of the famous fight on its fiftieth anniversary. This careful sifting of all the evidence in a fifty-year mystery is by ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

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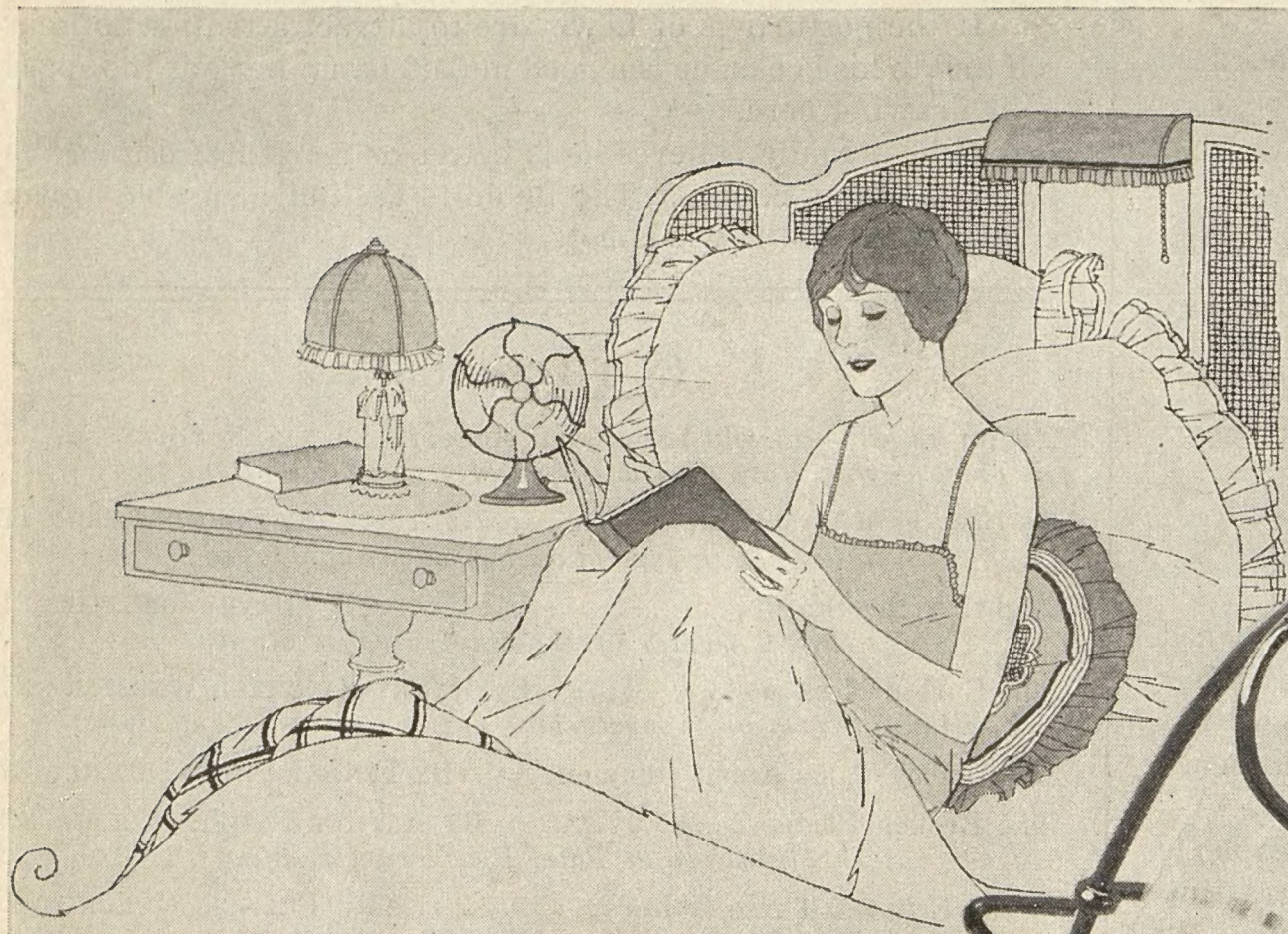

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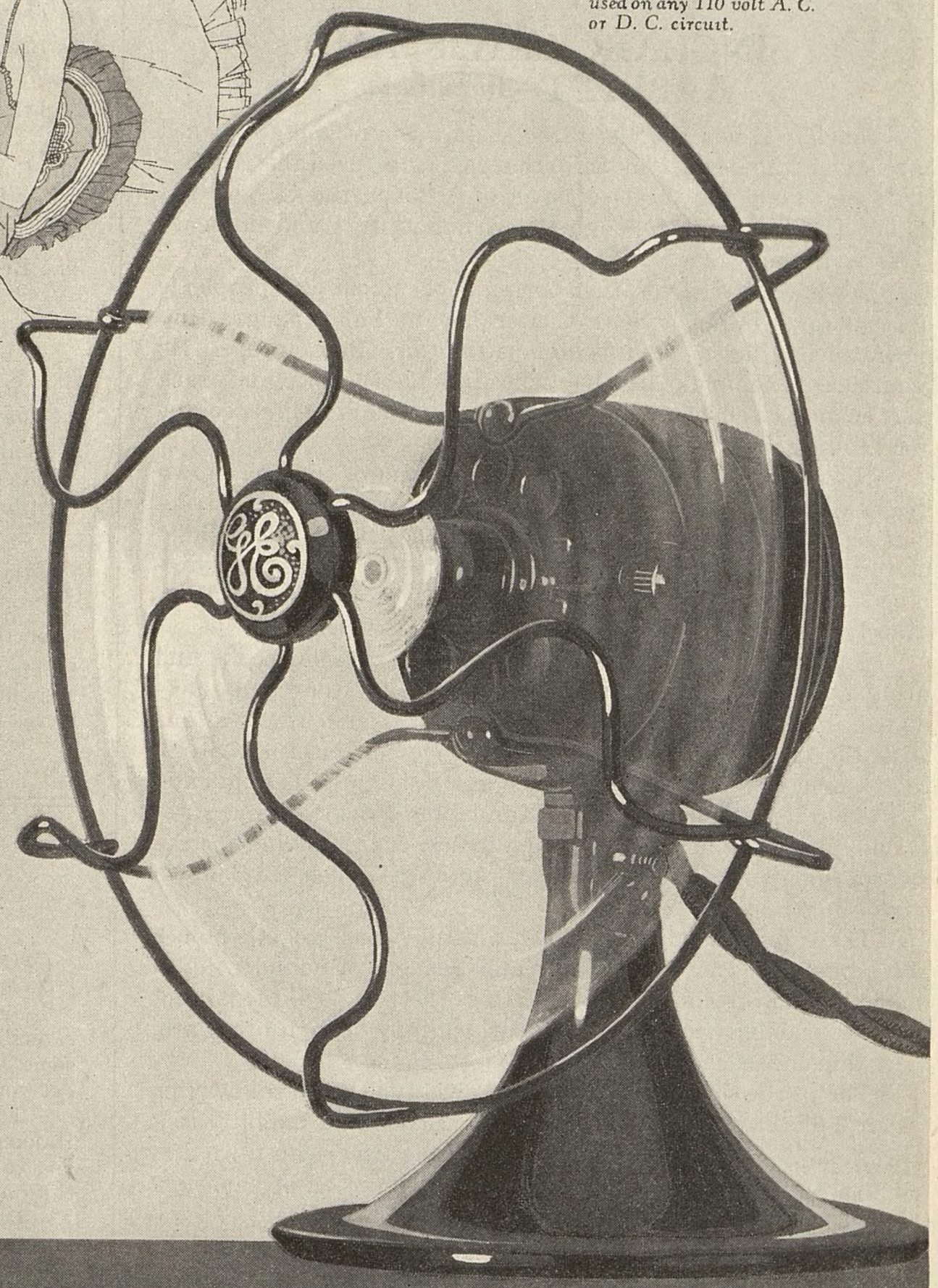

A small fan—but a big breeze

IT'S a little fan—at a low price—but what a breeze it brings! How it freshens that steaming kitchen. How it cools that baking bedroom. How it brings its quiet comfort to every room!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"Aunt Jane-"

The Old Lady from HELL

The Story of Tia Juana "Where There Aren't No Ten Commandments, and a Man Can Raise a Thirst"

An Article by
GEORGE K. SHAFFER
Pictures by G. P. NELSON—P. & A. Photos

IN the last year 3,000,000 Americans crossed the border to Tia Juana. There was no industry there, no scenery, no climate, no native life to attract them—nothing but the fascinating notion that they were playing hooky from the world's greatest supervisor of morals—Uncle Sam.

Californians claim that sooner or later everyone comes to visit their State. If that's so, then sooner or later nearly everyone calls on Tia Juana, more familiarly known as "Aunt Jane." For, after the California climate has been properly absorbed, and the thrills of Hollywood have begun to pall, the visitor is sure to say with a defiant and daredevil tone: "Well, let's go down to Tia Juana!"

They could buy just as good liquor at home; and certainly they could bet on better horses and watch prettier dancing girls. But somehow Uncle Sam manages to keep even his lawbreaking a bit too respectable. While Aunt Jane——

Of course, some of the black sheep and giddy lambs tarry too long at the loco-weed patches and forget to come back. But Tia Juana shrugs her unconcerned shoulders. Tio Samuel, she says, protects his flocks too well. They lack experience; they do not always know how to take care of themselves away from home. Maybe Tia Juana is right.

Tia Juana's Broadway. The two-story building on the left is now being remodeled as a $2,000,000 hotel.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["AUNT JANE"—THE OLD LADY FROM HELL]
Continued from Page Seven

THE Peteet family of Kansas City went to Tia Juana—father, mother, and two charming daughters. Blithely they crossed from San Diego County, California, January 30, 1926, into the domain of Aunt Jane. It was a lark—something to laugh over later.

Five days after they had passed the tatterdemalion Mexican sentries and strolled over the long, wooden bridge into Old Town, the Peteet family came back—four broken beings.

Grimly the border guards listened to the stories told by nineteen-year-old Audrey Peteet, and Clyde, her twenty-six-year-old sister, and to the details that were added by their sob-shaken father and mother.

The guards at least were not surprised when, two days later, the whole family committed suicide in their San Diego bungalow.

In explanation of this shocking tragedy, Thomas McConnell Peteet, the father, left a note. "This is the only way," he wrote, "to wipe out the stain on my daughters' honor."

Although this was not the first of Aunt Jane's indecorums to result in an American's death, the dramatic sacrifice of the Peteets touched the public's imagination.

Official circles in Washington and Mexico City were stirred, the latter by Washington's protest. Even the Tia Juana resort owners, alarmed by dwindling patronage, demanded action.

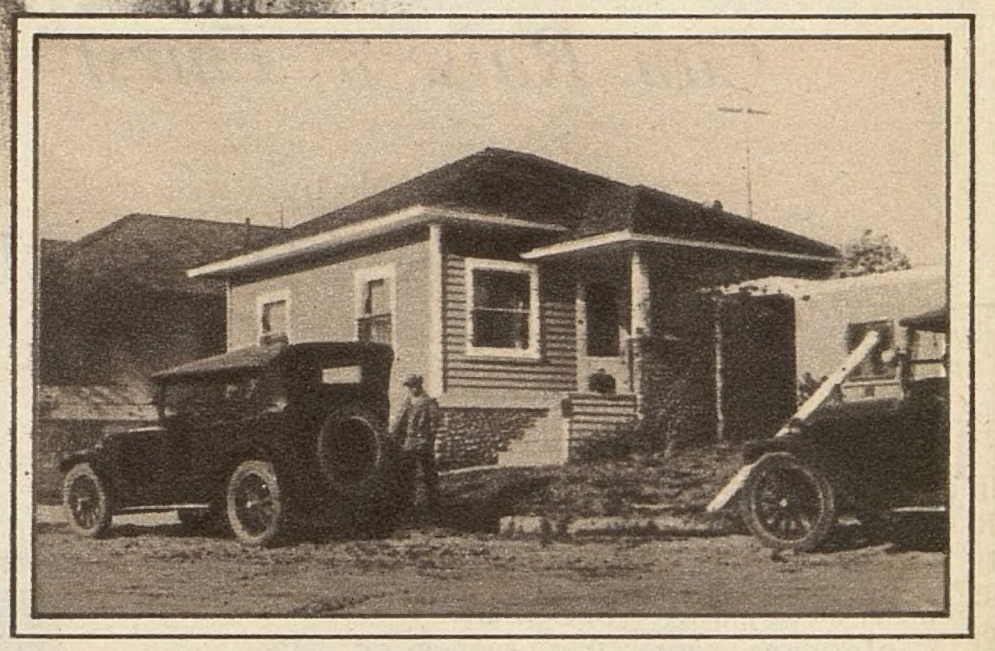
Following diplomatic exchanges, the Mexican authorities arrested seven men. Among them is Zenaido Llanos, chief of Aunt Jane's police. Tia Juana then sat back and waited for business to pick up. It had made its gesture.

During the investigation, sworn statements of other outrages upon Americans accumulated. The Peteet girls were not the only victims of Aunt Jane's tolerant chaperonage. Through these disclosures, the men—mostly Americans—who control Tia Juana from behind the protecting folds of Aunt Jane's ample skirts were revealed.

The growth of Tia Juana parallels "reform" in United States territory immediately adjoining it. Twenty years ago there was no Tia Juana. A group of shacks sheltered a few peons, who scratched a meager living from the river slopes. For ten years this cluster of huts sweltered in the sun, squalid, untidy, mean. A few white men had drifted there, hard-eyed, mirthless men who scanned strangers furtively. A few visitors arrived to buy souvenirs and to say they had been in Mexico.

In 1916 many California towns declared the "red light districts," tolerated until then, must go. The inhabitants went to Tia Juana, where several new tequila dispensaries soon opened, the forerunners of today's solid streets of saloons. A makeshift turf oval, three-

Audrey and Clyde Peteet, whose terrible experience in Tia Juana led to the suicide of their entire family.



Home of T. M. Peteet at San Diego.

quarters of a mile from the village, next inaugurated the present $2,000,000 racing plant.

About this time California tabooed boxing and horse racing. More business for Tia Juana. San Francisco's Barbary Coast indulged in a final, defiant orgy and then joined the pilgrimage of the sinful across the line.

BUT when prohibition became a statute, Tia Juana really bloomed. New saloons, honkatonks, hotels, gambling halls, two jails, and a cemetery, all marked the growth of the town.

Horse racing, with pari-mutuel machines paying into Mexican coffers 17½ per cent of every bet, proved remunerative to all except the bettors. Bullfights, cockfights, and prize fights earned vast sums for their promoters. The exploitation of wine and women became million-dollar industries.

This was the Tia Juana into which the Peteet family rode that Saturday in January—fifty acres of commercialized revelry, where color barriers are unknown!

The one road from the United States was a swirl of motors. Fifteen thousand Americans crossed the line that day. To the matter-of-fact millionaires who control the resort they meant $100,000. In the last four years these sinister personalities have amalgamated the "businesses" of Tia Juana so thoroughly that they have made Mexican currency of no value in Old Town.

The "combination"—as it is spoken of along the border—is equally as powerful in Mexicali, the 150-mile-distant seat of government for the Northern District of Lower California, and in Los Algodones, the Mexican

night-life border town between Calexico, California, and Yuma, Arizona. Even in Mexico City the "combination" has friends to protect its resorts from adverse legislation.

Most of the men who control Tia Juana are known but not openly discussed. First there is the "A. B. W." These letters, besides designating a popular brand of border beer, stand for three personalities:

"A" means Marvin Allen, who came to the border from Missouri and ran a share in a barroom into millions of dollars.

"B" represents Frank B. (Booze) Beyer, most picturesque and popular man in Tia Juana. According to his friends, Booze was graduated early in his eventful forty-seven years from the University of Pennsylvania, and became variously an engineer, hobo, oil hand, saloon keeper, and farmer. From Philadelphia to Tonopah, to Goldfield, to Alaska, to the border, Beyer has consistently hung upon the rough edge of civilization.

Hotel Nacional, where one of the Peteet girls was attacked.

Zenaido Llanos, chief of police at Tia Juana.

On the American side of the line, Beyer runs a stock farm, Rancho Lechuza, like a country squire. On the Mexican side he and "Scotty" Emery operate the notorious Tia Juana Hot Springs resort, three miles from Tia Juana proper.

"W" signifies the late Carl Withington, "King of the Border," who died in San Diego last October. Withington, fifty years old, left a million dollars and a tangle of women. His fortune was earned as a plunger and as an operator of roughneck trysting places in the Bakersfield, California, oil regions, and, later, in Mexicali and Tia Juana.

His fortune was divided between his widow, who had sued for separation; Miss Lucille Moore, who had been in the separation action; and two sisters and a brother, Lyle Withington. The latter also inherited a minor part of Withington's influence in the "A. B. W.," which was expanded to admit a new principal, Wirt G. Bowman, formerly of Nogales, Arizona.

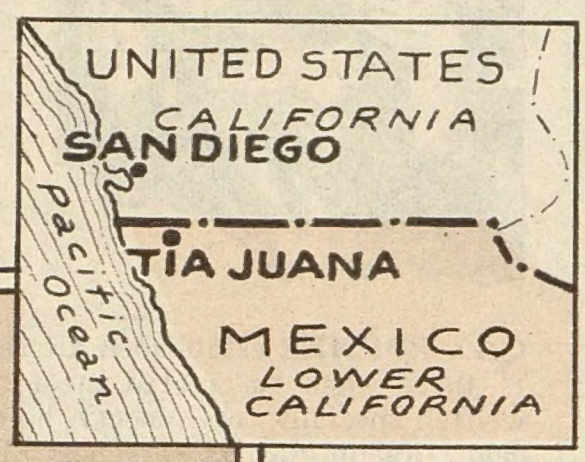
BOWMAN has been a politician on both sides of the border for many years. As general manager of the "A. B. W.," he now supervises the combine's monopoly on card and dice games in Tia Juana, the Tivoli Bar and Restaurant, the Foreign Club, the Hot Springs, and other remunerative abodes of midnight dalliance.

Allen, Beyer, and Bowman are all Americans, as was Withington. So are the men who, under the name of the Tia Juana Jockey Club, operate the race track at an admitted yearly payment of $1,925,000. The Jockey Club, like the "A. B. W.," one is informed, includes high Mexican officials. Their names are never given out. The Jockey Club is incorporated under Mexican law, but its offices are in the Spreckels Building, San Diego.

The avowed head of it is James Wood (Sunny Jim) Coffroth, who, twenty years ago, when the twenty-round boxing law was in force in California, was a personal friend and a promoter of Ketchel, Gans, Attell, and other famous boxers. In 1916 he started the Tia Juana race track on a shoestring. Last year, when he went to Mexico City to secure a new ten-year lease from the government, it was reported he carried a "fixing fund" of more than $1,000,000.

Baron Long, a Purdue University man, long a resident of Fort Wayne, Indiana, is Coffroth's racing partner. After going West, Long accumulated mining, oil, live-stock, and hotel interests in several States. He now is part owner and a resident of the imposing U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego. For Long, racing is a sport as well as a business. He operates a prominent stable.

Jack P. Atkin, formerly of New York, is general manager of the Coffroth-Long Jockey Club, and a comparative newcomer among borderland magnates. He operates the track independently of the municipality of Tia Juana, with his own police chief, Carlos Verdugo, appointed by Governor-General Rodriquez, and a force recruited from the Mexican soldiery and American agencies.



A sketch map showing the location of Tia Juana and the United States border.

Behind these powerful Americans looms Abelardo L. Rodriquez, the thirty-six-year-old Mexican governor-general of the district.

When Colonel Estaban Cantu was governor-general and Rodriquez commanded the Tia Juana garrison, it was said that 25 per cent of all the receipts of American enterprises was paid the governor-general for the protection of Cantu's officeholders and Rodriquez's military. They even protected a post-card monopoly. Under Rodriquez's governor-generalship the same protection is extended.

Such was the realm of intrenched exploitation that the Peteet family entered for its glimpse of high life. It would seem that Peteet, for all his fifty-five years and his travels in many cities, believed he was taking his daughters to the same security he would have found across the Canadian line at Windsor.

The gates on the border road closed at 9 o'clock that night, but the Peteets elected to remain in Tia Juana. The mere business of taking two rooms at the San Diego was an experience—to register in a hotel conducted by a Chinaman.

The prisoners in the Peteet case. (Left to right) Francisco Gonzalez; Juan York Sang, Chinese manager of the Hotel Nacional; Francisco Navarro, bartender; Louis Amador; Refugio Alvarez, bartender; and Salvador Espinosa.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["AUNT JANE"—THE OLD LADY FROM HELL]
Continued from Page Nine

After they had remained three days, the "regulars" of the town began to notice them. The girls, and sometimes Mrs. Peteet, were with their father in several drinking places, all, apparently, still thrilled at the sights there afforded.

About 8 o'clock on the fourth night, father and daughters entered the Oakland Bar, a gray stucco building on a side street. In the opinion of Tia Juana itself, the Oakland "always was a joint," but Peteet and his daughters were not aware of it, nor did they know that the proprietor was Louis Amador, a fugitive from the United States since October, 1922, on a dope-selling charge.

Amador introduced himself. An hour later Audrey was dancing with a man Louis had introduced as the chief of police. Clyde was listening to Amador's Hawaiian musicians.

Peteet, undoubtedly feeling that his daughters were well protected because of the presence of the chief, partook of a new drink Amador and the police official had recommended. So did the young women.

Here the story becomes disconnected, fragmentary. But the subsequent events are summed up in the records of the San Diego coroner's office.

After Autopsy Surgeon J. J. Shea had read his findings to a jury of ten men and two women, the jury found that:

"Thomas M., Carrie O., Clyde, and Audrey Peteet met death due to asphyxiation by their own hands, while despondent over the fact that Clyde and Audrey Peteet had been outraged in Tia Juana by Chief of Police Zenaido Llanos and Louis Amador."

The drop in daily revenue at Tia Juana was so noticeable that, the day after the inquest, Tia Juana made its bid for forgiveness. "Primary accusations," charging murder, were filed not only against Llanos and Amador but against Refugio Alvarez, bartender in the Oakland; Francisco Navarro, his assistant; Policeman Francisco Gonzalez; Salvador Espinosa, a cab driver; and Juan York Sang, Chinese manager of the Nacional.

The accusations stated that "culpability for the homicides rests upon the seven accused and constitutes murder."

Three days later Judge Saturnino Urias of the Mexican Federal Court dismissed the murder charges and released the Chinaman, the taxi driver, and Navarro. He held Llanos, Amador, Alvarez, and Gonzalez for a statutory offense.

Llanos and Amador may receive sentences of from six to fourteen years. But Llanos' punishment may never be greater than it is now, that of being a prisoner of his tolerant comrades. For he is a fraternal brother of Governor-General Rodriquez, Prosecutor Plutarco Gallegos, Secretary of State Antonio Murua Martinez, Inspector of Police Francisco Peralta, and Mayor Federico Palacio.

All these dignitaries attended the hearing before Judge Urias. For Amador the outlook is not so bright. There must be an "example" and it is whispered Amador will be chosen. Seemingly convinced of the truth of the rumor, he slashed his wrist in jail, but his guards prevented his self-destruction.

ALVAREZ may do a maximum of six years for assault, but the severest punishment Gonzalez will receive will be one year for complicity. These punishments are prescribed by statute. There is, however, no popular demand in Tia Juana to have them inflicted.

Old Town regulars feel they expiated sufficiently for Llanos' "unfortunate spree" when the United States advanced the nightly closing hour from 9 o'clock until 6. Did not this curtail the spending of the tourists? And haven't the right persons their instructions regarding that rascal, Amador? The Peteets should have stayed at home.

There are other indications of a change that disturbs the regulars. Llanos' successor has notified fifty saloon keepers that they must deposit 10,000 pesos ($5,000) as an official bond against misconduct. This is quite a burden, Tia Juana thinks, for a community of fifty saloons, five grocery stores, 3,500 far from affluent Mexicans, 1,000 Americans of doubtful financial responsibility, a few Sicilians waiting to be smuggled across the border, and a small group of Japanese.

But while Tia Juana is citing these evidences of "uplift," Fred A. Markley, American customs officer at the line, declares he frequently receives complaints of assaults from American women. Some have accused members of the Tia Juana police force. The limitations of Markley's authority render him powerless to obtain redress.

Captain J. N. A. Adamson, a private investigator, holds an affidavit from one American woman whose case is similar to the Peteet sisters'. He says other women have told him like stories, but refused to sign statements because they fear publicity.

An American whose business frequently takes him to Tia Juana told of the attempted drugging of his wife, who escaped further indignities by fleeing to the hotel room of another woman.

On November 5, 1925, T. M. N. George, an Atlanta, Georgia, cotton broker, died in a San Diego hospital of a fractured skull received in a Tia Juana jail a few hours before Angel Osuna, head jailer, was accused by other American inmates of giving George a clubbing.

Captain Adamson, armed with the affidavits of these men, demanded of Civic Prosecutor Carlos Robles Linares that Osuna be prosecuted.

Linares refused, calling the evidence insufficient.

On January 17 the Chicago Bears—a professional football team captained by "Red" Grange—defeated a San Diego team. That night members of both elevens crossed the border. The Tia Juana cabaret hangers-on, particularly the women, lionized Grange, but he discouraged familiarity.

One player—we will call him Woods—became involved in an argument and was taken to the Tia Juana jail. He was roughly handled.

"Inside the jail," Woods said, "the worst cutthroats I ever saw tried to surround me and get my possessions. I fought them off, but some things were taken. Finally, by paying a ten-dollar fine and making a 'present' of fifty dollars to a high police official, my friends got me out.

There are other instances—many others. The Peteet girls were not the first who turned to suicide for relief.

THE END

BE SURE to READ in LIBERTY Next Week

Without Surrender

By SAX ROHMER

The Story of a Man's Man and of a Girl Who Played with Fire—

SAX ROHMER established his reputation as a writer of thrilling adventures when he created the famous Fu Manchu series. In this tale, written specially for LIBERTY, he uses his skill as a story teller in a new field. Keeping at its very best his talent for mystery and quick-moving action, he adds the powerful appeal of a heart-stirring love romance. Don't miss it! It appears—

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Wirt G. Bowman.

Frank B. (Booze) Beyer.

James W. Coffroth.

As Easy as Kiss-me-Hand

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Short Story of a Girl and Too Many Heroes

By
SOPHIE KERR

WHEN things once begin happening—in a certain way, I mean—they keep right on in that line until something's settled. I've noticed it again and again.

Now, take this day I'm thinking of, for instance. It started like any other day. I got to the hotel to open up the flower stand a little before eight, as I always do.

Folks that just stay at hotels, you know, haven't got the least idea what a hotel is like. It's a world in itself, and all the people that eases the guests along and does this and that for him are real people with thoughts and feelings and wishes and hopes and worries and funny streaks.

Now, I'm Bert Sands, at the flower stand. Right next to me is the news stand, with Fred La Gatto in charge. We're in the west corridor; and further up from us, at the turn, is the office with the clerks and such; and right across from us the sight-seeing bus company has a little walled-off space—and that's where Emeline works.

Emeline Pryde's her full name, and, believe me, Pride's her middle name besides. Fred and Emeline and I have known each other all our lives, and we all live in the same block, and they're both good kids and my friends. I got Fred his job here, and just by chance he got Emeline hers. I mean, he recommended her first, and they asked me, because I'm considered pretty reliable.

She'd kept on going to school after the both of us had stopped—she went all the way through high school, and had a course in a business college, so she has had an education. But it has not interfered with her looks any, though some of these writers say a pretty girl can't have any brains. They'd ought to have known Emeline before forming a judgment like that. Emeline is class, both as to brains and as to looks, one hundred per cent.

Fred and I went to work as soon as we was old enough to get our working papers, but there is considerable of difference between us.

EMELINE, though she was pretty white and nervous, insisted on going back to her office.

I mean, Fred is smart and good-looking and a man of the world in dealing with women. I stutter and get red in the ears if ladies say anything to me that is not about buying flowers. I am like that. I can't help it.

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Now, this morning I went ahead and fixed my stand as usual, which I always enjoy. I put out a moss basket with tulips and snapdragon, a lot of grand yellow long-stemmed jonquils, and some bunches of sweet peas in various colors. I went round front to look at this arrangement and while I was doing it Fred came into the news stand and grinned at me.

"Atta boy, sweetie," he says. "Nothing like the real artistic touch."

I grinned back and told Fred where he could go; for, though I admire Fred and like him, I don't let him get away with funny stuff. Then I went back behind the case and I got out one blush rose, and took a quarter out of my pocket and rang it up on the cash register, and went over and laid the rose on Emeline's desk, for she would be in at any minute.

Fred saw me, and he called over:

"Handing Emmy her regulars, hey? You're a good old scout, Bert."

He wasn't jealous of me—nobody ever was. We all knew, though, how he felt about Emmy. He was crazy about her, downright crazy. And Emmy had seemed to like him pretty well until John Casey came along, and he being a hero as well as Irish and good-looking, Fred began, as you might say, to feel competition.

BUT I'm getting ahead of my story. I'd hardly got the rose put down on her desk when Emeline came in, and I saw her little blue hat the minute it got round the door. Everyone smiled and everyone spoke to her—the taxi-starter, the bellhops, the porter, the day clerks—and Fred.

Oh, yes, by all means, Fred. He made his so strong that she didn't get to look as far as me; but when she saw the rose on her desk she glanced across and nodded thank you. Then she put the rose in the vase I gave her last Christmas.

I like the way Emeline handles flowers—gentle, almost loving. That's the way to treat flowers.

Just then an early riser from Chicago came along and asked me for something to send upstairs to the wife, and also something to send to another lady not upstairs and not the wife of anybody.

When I'd got through selling this bird and had time to look over at Emeline again, she was talking to John Casey, the fellow I mentioned who is a hero. He is also one of the chauffeurs of the sight-seeing bus company, very straight and snappy in his uniform, and he has a war record, and slick hair, and manners as slick as his hair.

The way he got to be a hero was this: It was a couple of weeks before this day I'm telling about, and he was bringing the bus with a load of passengers through Newton Street, which is narrow and crooked and a mean street for autos, when right down at him comes a car with a drunk driver, speeding and wabbling and hell-bent for trouble.

I BROUGHT my hands down and my stick in them, and with it I struck him hard on the wrist so his gun flew out of his hand.

QUICK as a flash, John Casey swings his heavy bus over to the other side of the street and runs it up on to the sidewalk and along on the sidewalk till the drunk skinned by. The passengers got shaken up, but that was all; no pedestrians run down, no windows smashed, no lamp-posts hit, not even a fender scraped. And as it happened on a dull day, with no big story going, the newspaper boys played John and his stunt on the front page, picture and all, and called him a hero.

What made it better, he acted modest and didn't blah round about himself.

That made quite a hit with Emeline, and she began to be more pleasant with John Casey, which was bitter bread for Fred to chew.

"I don't see it was anything so wonderful, what he did," he said to me this morning. "I mean, lotsa fellows got a plenty nerve but don't get a chance to show it. He was lucky, that's all. I'd like to have burned every paper with his mug on the front page, that's what I'd like to have done!"

I was sorry for him, but there's such a thing as being fair.

"I don't think John's so swelled up though," I says. "I think he takes it pretty cool, considering."

"Oh, is that so? Well, I don't."

And with that John goes out, after a last smile exchanged with Emeline, and Fred hustles right over to talk with her himself. I could hear what they said.

"I wish you wouldn't waste so much time on the Irish. How about a little for the Wops?" begins Fred, trying not to show how green-jealous he was by being joky.

"If anybody called you a Wop but yourself, Fred," said Emeline, "there'd be a fight."

Fred saw he'd have to back up. "Aw, Emmy, I was only kidding. Don't get sore. How about stepping out a little tonight—dinner and dancing at the Blue Cave?"

"I'm sorry; I've got an engagement tonight."

"I'm certainly outa luck. Listen, Emmy, you going out with Casey?"

"None of your business."

"Then you are. And I don't like it."

"Are you being funny or cross?"

"I guess you know how I feel about Casey."

"Yes, I do know. And I'm going to tell you how I feel. I like him and I'm going out with him whenever I want to. He's all right; he doesn't fuss at me about my other friends; he doesn't act as if he owned me, and tell me what to do——"

Some stout upholstered ladies came roving along just then going sight-seeing, and Fred had to get out of their way. He stopped in front of my stand to weep on my shoulder.

"It's all because he's a hero. If I only had a chance, I tell you, I'd be a hero as much as he is."

"That's a cinch, Fred," I says. "You can think and act as quick as anybody."

"Yeah—but what does that matter when he gets all the breaks?"

AS I said at the start, when things once begin happening in a certain way, they keep right on that line until something's settled. And while Fred La Gatto stood there putting up a holler because he never got a chance to be a hero, sure as the world, there was a terrible rasping, sliding, rumbling, cracking noise right over our heads, and a great big piece of the ceiling began tearing loose and falling down on us, ker-bing, ker-bang, teeter and waver and plunge, and all the while that awful cracking, breaking sound fit to paralyze you!

It didn't paralyze Fred. He made one jump for the upholstered dames and flung them outa the way into safety, and he yelled at Emeline to duck under her desk, and pushed her there, and then he grabbed a big sofa that sets under a bunch of palms right beyond Emmy's office and he slings it across the corridor like a barrier to keep back some people who was heading in from the street toward the desk.

"Keep away!" he called out. "Hey—get back there—get back!"

I helped, too. I run out from behind the stand and turned the other way and pushed back the people that was loafing in the corridor there, and as the plaster come down like a coupla ton of bricks, bashing up a lot of light globes on the pillars, I jumped across it to get Emeline out.

Only Fred was before me. "'S all right—'s all right," he was saying.

Together we kind of eased her over the awful mess, through the dust, and down to the office. Her little inclosure was half full of plaster, and the desk she'd ducked under was all battered with big chunks of it, and her clothes was like she'd been dipped in a flour barrel. But she wasn't hurt.

By now the whole first floor was in some uproar. The assistant managers had got there, ordering clerks and porters and everybody to clear the corridor and bar the crowd back. The street door was shut, and the carpenter and his helpers come up from the basement on the double quick.

Before the dust had time to settle, the broken plaster was being shoveled up and carried out, and men were up on ladders to see if there was danger of any more falling.

My stand and Fred's wasn't touched, except by dust and little dribs and crumbs of the plaster. It had all fell in the corridor itself right beyond us, and over Emmy's office, and I tell you there was quite a sizable place off the ceiling, too.

I WENT back to clean up my flowers, and Fred had to get to work at the news stand. Emeline, though she was pretty white and nervous, insisted on going back to her office, though I wanted her to go home, and told her that all the sightseeing done in the hotel today would be done right there in the corridor, up at the ceiling.

Now down come Mr. Buckle himself, the head manager. All chatter quieted with Mr. Buckle amongst those present, and he looked everything over while the two assistant managers who were with him explained and displayed, and looked as if they hoped he wasn't going to find them personally to blame.

At last Mr. Buckle stopped before the news stand and he spoke to Fred.

"You showed rare presence of mind, young man," he said. "The ladies you rescued have been up to my office to inform me personally of your bravery and quick wit. The management appreciates what you have done and will shortly demonstrate its appreciation in—er—a substantial way. You are—you are quite the hero of this occasion."

Whereupon he reached out and shook hands with Fred, in spite of the fact that Fred's hand was fierce dirty; and then he passed on grandly, looking like Napoleon who has just commended one of his grenadiers.

So there it was. Fred La Gatto was a hero. Mr. Buckle had said it, and that proved it.

Everybody who was lucky enough to have been around when the plaster fell began to tell what Fred had done, with all sorts of trimmings and fancy stuff, until you'd 've thought the only thing he didn't do was jump up and catch each piece as it fell and put it in the trash baskets.

Everyone came around and congratulated

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Fred, including the upholstered ladies, one of which tried to slip him a twenty-dollar bill, but he wouldn't take it.

"I only did my duty," he says, looking noble. "I couldn't take money for that." (He got that line out of a movie.)

THE assistant managers complimented him in imitation of Mr. Buckle, and every soul who come by the news stand stared at him. Of course, the reporters got hold of the accident, though the hotel's publicity man urged them to soft-pedal it, for he didn't want it noised about that the Taray House ceilings had the habit of falling. However, they made quite a story of it and took Fred's picture. It come out in the late afternoon editions and in the tabloids.

They wanted to take pictures of Emeline too, but she wouldn't let 'em. Instead, what d'you suppose she said? She said they'd better come over and talk to me and take my picture. "He did as much as Fred La Gatto," she said.

So they come over and asked me how about it, and I told 'em it was all a mistake—I hadn't done anything, that Fred did it all, and that Emeline was confused and excited, which made it impossible for her to know what was what. Naturally, talking man to man, they saw I was telling the truth; so when the story come out it was mostly all about Fred and some about Emeline and nobody else.

The whole hotel was buzzing about it, and when Mr. Buckle sent down a check for a hundred berries to Fred—well, I guess it was something to buzz about.

But somebody had to go and start an argument as to who was the greatest hero, Fred for what he done or John Casey for what he done two weeks before—and you know how an argument gets people taking sides. Pretty soon everybody was either for John or for Fred, and talking up their favorite, pro and con and con and pro. If it had just been hero stuff there wouldn't have been so much conversation; but knowing that both fellows was crazy about Emeline and she not decided on which she'd take made everybody excited.

In a hotel like the Taray House, where all the help has been there for five years or more, everybody knows everybody's business and takes a friendly interest and there's a grand little grapevine telegraph working through the whole place. All up and down stairs, from the roof garden to the engineers in the basement, there was plenty of talk and guessing about Fred and John and Emeline.

The odds were in favor of Fred, for he belonged to the hotel organization more than John did. But John was a pretty nice fellow on his own account, and that counted.

As for Emeline, everybody liked her and wished her good luck, whichever she chose. But of course the main argument was which one of the two was the biggest hero, and some thought one way and some another.

Now, it seemed to me Fred had considerable of an edge on John, in this way: He had saved Emeline's life—I mean, in person—whereas John had saved the lives of a number of people, but none of them was Emeline. I spoke to Fred about that.

"You know," I said, "you know you saved Emeline from getting hurt or maybe killed, because anything heavy falling like that can kill a person if it hits 'em square, and there was some awful big chunks around her desk, any one of which might have laid her out cold. So you've got it over Casey. I mean, no matter how brave and quick he was, he didn't apply it direct right on to Emeline. Get me?"

"That's so," said Fred. "That's sure so. Say, Bert, would you mind mentioning it to Emmy—point it out to her, you know? I don't want to seem to crack myself up to her. It'll come better, coming from you, Bert."

I was glad to oblige. So one night soon after the busting of the ceiling I went home when Emeline did. Often I did this, anyway. It wasn't anything unusual, seeing as we were old friends, and our families were old friends, and we lived so near. I liked to do it, because I could sort of help her through the Subway crush and keep people from jamming up against her, because I am pretty big and husky. And then, when we got out of the Subway, we'd kind of dillydally along the last part of the way, looking at people and store windows and talking. Times like that was the happiest times I had.

I waited till we got out of the Subway, because nobody can talk with that whoop and hurrah in his ears. I began easy and tactful, with a little salve:

"You were pretty plucky to stick it out the other day after the accident, Emmy. Most girls would've fainted and had hysterics and had to be sent home in a taxi. And Fred certainly showed up fine, didn't he?"

Emmy looked at me sideways, quick. "You did just as much. Why wouldn't you let people know?"

"Oh, go on—you know I didn't. It wasn't till I saw what Fred was up to that I moved at all, and I guess I got out of the way as much to save myself as anything. Fred turned the trick. If it hadn't been for him being so quick, you might've gone home on a stretcher—d'you realize that?"

"Oh, I grant you that Fred did pretty well, saving those fat ladies and keeping the crowd back. But so far as I was concerned, I was halfway under my desk before he got to me, and it wasn't till he saw what I was doing that he yelled out to me what to do—and I was already doing it. So I don't see where you get that stretcher idea."

I was took so aback I couldn't answer for a minute.

"That's not like you, Emmy," I said at last; "to crab a fellow who's a real hero. He did as good work saving you and the rest of the folks in the corridor as John Casey did saving the people on his bus. You've been sweet enough to John about what he did. I don't see why you're so funny about Fred."

"No, I suppose you don't see. Your nose is not so long, but if you ever see anything beyond it, it's nothing but a rose or a violet or a bunch of sweet peas."

"That's a silly way to talk," I told her, getting sort of peeved. "I don't hold that I understand women, but I should say that when you talk like that you're upset and not yourself."

"I'm quite myself," said Emeline, more and more sarcastic. "And you're quite yourself, and Fred and John are both heroes if you say so, and Fred's the biggest hero if you insist upon it, so what more can you ask?"

"I'll ask you not to be so sniffy about my friend," I said. "He is a hero and he saved your life, and that's more than John Casey did, though he is quite a hero too."

"I suppose Mr. Fred told you to explain that to me, didn't he?"

Now I couldn't find the answer to that. Emeline looked up at me from under that blue hat of hers, with her big blue eyes just dancing.

"Oh, well, never mind," she says. "I can guess a whole lot."

Then she turned friendly all of a sudden.

"Come over to supper Saturday night, Bert, you and your ma," she says. "We're going to have spaghetti."

"I'll tell ma, and I know she'll be pleased to. So'll I. But look here—if anybody asks you out dancing that night, don't feel you have to stop in on our account, will you?"

"A girl that's on her feet as much as I am don't need to go dancing every night. I'll be glad to have a quiet evening, and if you and I get too fed up with the old folks' gabfest we can slip out to a movie, I should suppose."

"Say, that would be fine! I never thought of that," I says.

"Bert, there's a lot of things you never thought of," says Emeline. And with that she kind of laughs and says good night and turns in at her flat.

I was hard put to it to know what to tell Fred the next morning. "I guess I sort of flubbed it," I says.

"But what did she say? Is she crazy about the Irishman, or what?"

"She didn't act so—no, I wouldn't say she was."

"He's always taking her out dancing."

That gave me an idea. "Well, now, she said something about dancing—she said she'd just as soon go to the movies or sit home as dance so much. She said she liked a quiet evening."

"Say—that don't listen to me like she was so strong for Casey, does it? I'll ask her to the movies first chance I get. Gee, Bert, I don't want to be a hero or anything if Emmy turns me down."

He looked so downhearted that I sprung my idea right away:

"Me and ma are going over to the Prydes' for a spaghetti supper Saturday night—you know, like we do every once in a while. Why don't you drop in along about seven-thirty and take Emeline out then?"

WELL, sir, that was a perfectly good idea, wasn't it? It tickled old Fred pretty nearly pink, and the more he thought about it the better he liked it. To sew everything up tight, he went over on Friday and asked Emmy would she go to the movies Saturday night, and she said she wouldn't because me and ma were coming to supper, and he says: "Oh, I know that. Bert told me. He was the one suggested I come in and take you to the movies."

Well, sir, the red flew up in Emmy's face and her eyes was like streaks of blue fire.

"Oh, did he!" she snaps. "Did he, indeed! Well, you and Bert are too smart altogether, fixing it up between you how I shall spend my evenings. As a matter of fact, I'm going out dancing with John Casey, and you and Bert can go to the movies by yourselves, or any way you want to."

That gave Fred an awful down, and he blamed me, though I never could see it was my

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fault. It was him spilled the beans, if you ask me. He come glooming round to me, and carried on at such a rate I thought I'd oughta reason with Emeline.

The first word out of my mouth, and she took my head right off.

"I'll thank you not to arrange my engagements," she says. "The nerve of you! If you didn't want to take me to the movies yourself, all you had to do was to say so. I don't have to get down on my knees and beg and pray for somebody to take me out. You can sit home and talk to the old folks, and nobody'll hinder you, believe me. I never was strong for movies anyway. I'd much rather go dancing."

"I suppose you think I didn't want to take you to the movies," I says. "But that's not the truth. I was glad of the chance. Only, knowing how Fred feels, and he being my friend, I thought it was right I should step aside for him. Slam me all you want, but don't take it out on him that I balled things up for him. You'd oughta be proud to have him so nuts on you—and him a hero."

"Nuts is right. And John Casey is just as much a hero."

Emeline and I never come so near quarreling before, and she never spoke to me so before, and it hurt. I wasn't even sure I ought to go over to Prydes' Saturday night for the spaghetti supper; but I knew ma would be bitter disappointed if I didn't, so I said not a word to her, and we went.

The spaghetti was grand, and Mrs. Pryde had a new kind of coffee that ma thought was the best she ever tasted, and there was toasted ham sandwiches to go with the spaghetti, and for dessert a fruit salad full of pineapple and banana and orange and grapefruit, all gooey with an elegant mayonnaise. Some supper!

Emeline looked as pretty as a picture in a new blue dress, and I had taken her a corsage of pink sweet peas as a kind of make-up present, and she put it on her shoulder in a stylish way.

I was so glad she was all right to me again that I wanted to laugh all the time, and I bet Mr. Pryde never had such a hand on his dry old stories and bum jokes before in his life. I'd 've cheered the multiplication table if he'd pulled it.

After supper John Casey came in for her, sure enough, to go dancing, and I wasn't so cheerful seeing them go off together, laughing and gay. I couldn't help wishing I'd held out to take her to the movies.

John looked swell in his regular clothes, and he had a new gray hat and a walking-stick even!

Ma kept rubbing it in. "They're a handsome couple, a handsome couple," she kept saying over and over as if she was a cuckoo clock.

"And he's a steady young man," says Mrs. Pryde. "Saves his money and invests it. He intends to start a garage of his own."

"FRED LA GATTO saves his money, too; and, for that matter, so do I; and lotsa other fellows," I says. "Saving money's not everything."

Mrs. Pryde laughs.

"You're right, Bert. Him and Fred are both nice fellows. I declare, I tell Emeline she ought to be all set up with two such beaus to her string, both of them heroes, which makes it thrilling."

"Which one does she favor?" asks ma—like every woman, keen-nosed after a love affair.

they went on to marketing and so forth, until me and Mr. Pryde had finished our pipes; and then Mrs. Pryde says why don't the four of us have a game of pinochle. So she got out the table, and I opened its legs out, and then she brought out the cards, and we all sat down and began to play, me and Mr. Pryde against ma and Mrs. P. And for some unexplained

Emmy held to me tighter. "We certainly are," she said.

"I wish I knew," says Mrs. Pryde; "but I haven't the least idea."

Then ma began asking Mrs. Pryde for goodness' sake to write down the name of that coffee and the address where she got it, and then

reason I certainly did feel blue. I felt terrible. I tried to chirk up and play and make funny cracks now and then, but I couldn't do it.

It had kind of come over me, seeing Emeline

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go off with John Casey, how pretty she was and what a nice girl, and how she was the one and only girl I'd ever care about as long as I lived. But what chance would I have? Two good-looking swell dressers and swell talkers hotfoot after her, and both of them heroes! She had always been nice to me, but it was an uncle-y kind of nice, never cutting her eye at me, or saying anything flirty; indeed, rather she was somewhat sassy and familiar—in a perfectly refined way, I mean, but as one would act to an uncle.

Well, I just sat there, playing my cards and seeing what a poor boob I was.

I would have sold myself for one-half of one per cent of a plugged penny, I felt that cheap and poor-spirited. Here I had even side-stepped taking her to the movies! No wonder she treated me like an uncle. I deserved it!

We played along until pretty near midnight, because ma and Mrs. Pryde was behind and they wouldn't give up. I would have quit any minute; but ma and Mrs. Pryde was all excited and wide awake and full of the dickens, giggling and cackling like a pair of flappers, and I wouldn't have had the heart to spoil their fun.

SO we were sitting there playing away, when, lo and behold, we heard a kind of clatter on the stairs, and then the key in the door, and, before we could move, Emeline burst into the room, and right behind her was John Casey and Fred La Gatto, and they all looked excited and queer, and battered as to hats and torn as to clothes, with eyes as big as saucers and faces flaming red, and all seemingly speaking at once.

Emeline run around to her father and threw herself into his arms and burst out crying.

"We been held up," she sobs.

"Held up!" says all of us. "Where—when?" And Emeline's father patted her and shushed her like she was a baby.

"We was coming home from the Blue Cave," says Emeline.

"But why so early?" asks her mother, patting her too.

"Oh, Fred turned up there, and I didn't have a good time with these two glaring at each other and cutting in on each other whichever I was dancing with, and making remarks and pretty near starting a row every dance. So I said I was coming home, and John and I started, and as it was a nice night we walked, and as we went out Fred came along after us——"

"I was only going home too. You can't deny I live in this block. Lucky for you I did walk along behind you." This was Fred.

"——and when we got to that dark alley down Howell Street, where there's nothing but warehouses, and them all shut up at night and no street light, two fellows jumped out, and one grabbed me, and the other made John and Fred put up their hands——"

"He had a gun right on us, or I'd never done it," said John Casey. "And when I saw the other one sticking something in Emeline's mouth and manhandling her I didn't care if I was shot. I turned round and run as tight as I could go, for I knew my cousin Louis is the cop on the beat below, and if I could get him——" said Fred.

"——and whilst you was so nobly taking to your heels," says John Casey bitterly, "I was holding my hands over my head; but I had my stick in one of them, and the fellow with the gun fired after you, and as he done it I brought my hands down and my stick in them, and with it I struck him hard on the wrist, so his gun flew out of his hand, and I leapt at him and we begun a fight——"

"——and I found Louis in two shakes and we run back together, and it was going mighty hard with you and we personally grabbed the two, me the one who was mauling Emmy, and Louis the other, and Emmy had to help you up——"

"I could have got up by meself!"

"——and Fred's cousin had whistled and more cops come running, and they took the bandits down to the station house in Precinct 16, and we've got to appear against them tomorrow morning," Emeline finished the story.

"I never heard of such doings in all my born days!" cried Mrs. Pryde. "You might think we lived in the wild West amongst the Indians and so forth. It's not safe to be out at night at all any more. Are you hurt anywhere, Emeline? Sit down, boys, both of you. I'm going to make you a cup of tea, and do you, father, give them a nip of something stronger to restore them."

"I don't need restoring," says John Casey.

"I should think you would, after the beating up you got," says Fred. "That bandit was a smaller man than you, but a good fighter."

"I should think you'd need some after your run," says John hateful.

"Hey, boys," says Mr. Pryde, "none of that chin music in here. So far as I can see, you both lived up to your reputations as heroes. Fred might've got a bullet in his back, and it was very quick of him to think of Louis, and you certainly needed the cops. And it was just as quick of Mr. Casey to take the minute when the bandit was firing after Fred to lace him across the wrist with his walking-stick. You're both of you brave lads, and I'm proud of you. Now I'm going to get out a little prewar stuff and I'll ask you to take it in friendship and with good will."

SO he brought out some glasses and poured a finger of liquor in each and offered it to them. But, just as they was lifting it to their lips, Fred set his down and broke out again.

"So nothing's settled," he says. "We're both heroes, and one as good as another. I'm tired and sick of being on an equality with you." This to John Casey. "I contend it took more nerve of me to run and get the cops with that fellow firing his gat at me than it was of you to hit 'im acrost the wrist when he wasn't looking. And he beat you up easy."

"You think so, do you?" says John Casey, setting down his glass. "Well, you may brag all you like about using your two legs to get you out of danger and leaving a woman held by a dirty devil, and you knowing, since you think so quick, that nobody can shoot a man running in the darkness unless he's the marvel of the world. I'd 've stayed by Miss Emeline no matter if they'd killed me. And if you think that fellow beat me up so easy, you take a look at the marks on him tomorrow morning in court. I resent your imputations. I consider that I am a braver man and more of a hero than you, and I don't care who hears me say so."

All this time Emeline had been getting nearer and nearer to me, and kind of leaning on me for comfort and support, her mother being out making tea, and her father with the bottle. And to my astonishment I found myself standing there with my arm tight around her as snug and as easy and as natural, and she making not the least protest or drawing away at all. Even now, when she spoke up, she didn't draw away from me. Nor I from her, you bet you.

"I want to tell you two something," she said. "You are both heroes, fine heroes, and I am willing to tell the world you are. So far as I am concerned I am through with heroes. Ever since you two have had this hero bug you've been unbearable. I'm through. I am grateful to you for saving my life in so many ways, both in running for cops and in fighting bandits. But I am through! You can just go along out of here and turn your heroic attentions to some other girl. She may be able to get more of a thrill out of it than I do. I don't want any more heroes."

"Why, Miss Emeline!" says John Casey.

"Why, Emmy!" says Fred La Gatto.

"YOU heard me the first time," says Emmy. "Just you two go along and don't come back. I'm not in love with either of you, and I wouldn't marry either of you if you was ten times the heroes you are, and that's all. It's best to have a clear understanding, for I could not stand another evening like this one, nor any more of this foolishness."

"Emmy," says Mr. Pryde, "aren't you being a little severe, after all they done?"

"Maybe I am," says Emmy. "But it's true. And I consider it's kinder for them to know the truth now than to go along as we've been going."

Well, John Casey and Fred very simultaneously lifted up their glasses and they downed their liquor, and they puts on their hats and they beats it without any argument, and if you had seen and heard Emmy you would have understood why they did.

With that, in comes Mrs. Pryde from the kitchen with the tea.

"Why, where are they gone?" she asks. "And what are you doing over there hugging Bert?" she goes on, looking at Emmy.

An idea come to my mind and words to my tongue, and for once I never stuttered and stammered.

"We're hugging each other because we're going to get married," I said. "And very soon, too. Ain't we, Emmy?"

Emmy held on to me tighter. "We certainly are," she said.

Yes—when things begin happening they keep right on in that line until something's settled. And this was all settled now as easy as kiss-me-hand, and to my satisfaction, and, I have reason to believe, also to Emeline's.

Mr. Pryde had, as you might say, the last word.

"You're a hero yourself, Bert," he says, "willing to commit matrimony with a girl that can talk and act as anthracite as Emmy here did this evening."

But that was only one of his bum jokes. Why, he thinks pretty near as much of Emmy as I do!

THE END

"Those Quiet Evenings at Home!"

ANY place is better than home when boys are boys and girls are worse!

And no place is better than home when the Paramount Picture is over and everyone is full of "gee-whizzes" and "how'd you like that part where . . . ? etc., etc., etc."

The famous Judge Ben Lindsay of Colorado says that motion pictures are the best safety valve for emotions of young and old alike ever devised, which is, perhaps, why any family is better company for itself when it has experienced all the healthy excitement of "the best show in town," a Paramount Picture!

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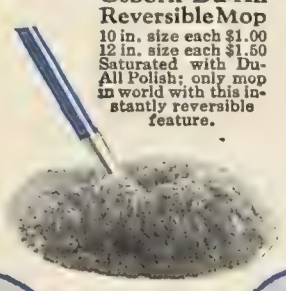

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LIGHTING *the* Stars

David Belasco.

The Master of Stage Effects Tells What Makes or Mars Beauty

An Article by

DAVID BELASCO

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, a veritable firebrand of nerves and emotion, was rehearsing her role in Du Barry. I sat at a table overlooking the pit, fretting vainly as emotional stress drained life and color from the face of my star.

In ten minutes she had aged ten years in appearance. Great hollows had appeared at temples and throat; her eyes seemed like twin glowing coals in deep caverns. It was evidence of how much she put into her acting, but it meant a problem for me, as audiences turn away quickly from haggard, wan-appearing actresses.

Suddenly the solution came to me. Mrs. Carter was exhausting the red aura of her personality by the vehemence of her work. Somehow it must be replaced. I whispered to the costume mistress. She slipped away, returning with several yards of sheer flame-colored silk.

Engrossed in her work, Mrs. Carter did not notice my approach, nor did she sense that I had draped the fabric over her shoulders until the amazed gasps of the other company members attracted her attention.

Then she lifted a fold of the silk, gazed at it unbelievingly, shrieked—and attempted to cast it from her. But it clung around her throat until it formed a glimmering stock almost to her chin.

"I will not wear it!" she shrieked. "It makes me ghastly! Oh, please, please! Won't someone please help me take it off?"

"It makes you wondrously beautiful," I said in an awed whisper. In return I received an almost maniacal glare. But the other members of the company leaped into the breach.

"Look in the mirror," they pleaded. "It is wonderful!"

I led the protesting star to a cheval glass to see the miracle the added coloring had wrought. She turned this way and that, noting the color reflected in her cheeks, the softened hollows, and the disappearance of telltale lines.

"I cannot believe it," she capitulated. "Flame is the one color my instinct has told me to avoid, because I feared it would make me ghastly with my red hair, brown eyes, and sallow skin. What a surprise it is!"

The mystery was solved. What Mrs. Carter needed was a bath of rose-glow light during every minute she was on the stage. I turned to electricity—and the result was what has come to be known as my Du Barry spotlight.

We experimented with the flame silk until

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"I AM AN ATHLETE, having played baseball, basket-ball and football. Three years ago the severe and long training for contests was wearing me out. The captain of our basket-ball team advised me to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. A new energy came over me. I attribute much of my success in athletics to Fleischmann's Yeast for that food has made my body a picture of health."

GORDON M ATKINS, Conshohocken, Pa.

"FOR THE PAST YEAR I suffered terribly with indigestion. My system was poisoned and I also suffered from an unpleasant skin eruption. I could not get relief. A friend who is a trained nurse recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes of yeast daily. Now I am eating freely of all good things. And not a trace of my old ailments remains."

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I SUFFERED from indigestion. My complexion was sallow. My appetite was bad and food seemed tasteless. I read of the efficiency of Fleischmann's Yeast and gave it a fair trial. I found it to be the cheapest and best remedy I had ever tried. Eating a cake of Yeast after each meal did away with that unpleasant feeling of fullness after a meal. It cleared my complexion. Fleischmann's Yeast is a boon to humanity."

ERNEST F. DUKES, Bridgeville, Del.

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have been troubled with chronic constipation. I found the use of cathartics absolutely necessary. As a result my skin was yellow, temperature high. I tried almost everything without permanent results. Finally my brother, a chemical engineer, suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time my sallow skin cleared up. My liver started to function. I found the use of cathartics unnecessary. My appetite increased. I was full of 'pep.'"

MRS. MYRTLE E. GROVER, Rochester, N. Y.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

we found exactly the right color-tone, placed this between the white light and the star—and Mrs. Carter's spiritual beauty of face became a matter of general comment! It required groups of the rose light to assure her continued illumination, each light under the care of a specially trained operator.

Color and light, the two great basic elements of the art of Nature, the master painter, have a stronger relation to human beauty, happiness, and success than any other of the natural forces. Certain it is that no two factors of beauty are more generally misunderstood and abused.

Proof of this may be found all around us: in the garb we assume without regard to our personal color scheme; in the way we decorate and light our homes; and in the makeshifts of the stage for centuries past.

Yet through all of these years Nature has spread the truly harmonizing colors on her sky palette, and has given us landscapes flawless in their tonal qualities.

Years ago, when I was a child in San Francisco, my beautiful Gypsy mother would take me into the hills and point out to me these wonders. People said she had second sight and that she envisioned something of my destiny.

Later she gave me a case of water colors, and with these I did lessons in correct coloring by painting black-and-white illustrations as I thought they should appear. This also taught me something of pigments, color blending, and ultimately the varying values of colors under stage-lighting conditions.

MY father, who abandoned his career as a harlequin when he emigrated to America from England, never lost touch with the stage. He it was who encouraged me to construct a miniature stage in the basement of our Clara Street home and to work out for myself the effects we saw in the San Francisco theaters.

From those experiments I gained the knowledge that, applied to modern conditions, permits me to approximate natural colorings and light diffusion in my productions. I do not boast. What has been achieved is but the basis on which the structure of perfection will be reared.

When my Forty-fourth Street Theater was constructed, I added a second sub-basement, where for the last fifteen years has been housed my electrical experimental laboratory under the direction of Mr. Louis Hartman, one of the ablest men of the age.

In fifteen years I have expended more than $500,000 in experiment, exclusive of an annual cost for laboratory maintenance of $25,000.

Today I am jubilating over perfecting a light that meets virtually all of our modern stage needs. It gives off a diffused light, totally without center of illumination and shadowless. With it I can illuminate a single leaf of a book or 100 square feet of area!

The Belasco system requires trained electricians for the spotlights.

It consists of a metal housing in which is set a 1,000-candlepower lamp. At the front is an adjustable lens through which the light is directed against a reflector the surface of which is hummocked with scientifically arranged nodules to diffuse the rays.

These reflectors are of flexible metal to permit bending into various shapes, so the light stream may be projected in any size against any given object. In addition each light is on a dimmer, permitting 140 different degrees of illumination.

The final step, coloring the light rays, I achieved by lacquering the reflector with a secret pigment of my own development. This pigment is of a color scientifically determined, so that, after the white light has been absorbed, there remains enough of the color to project a diffused tint.

In a demonstration given recently before lighting engineers and scientists, we used a single reflector with various tints banded across its surface. First we threw against a plain white wall the beams of summer moonlight—silver blue and a duplicate of Nature. Gradually we dissolved these into the pale light of the waning moon, then into the blue-blackness of the hour before dawn. Then came the misty gray of approaching dawn, the silver of the sun's first rays, then full sunlight, the noon's sullen yellow, late afternoon, sunset, dusk, moonrise, and again full moonlight.

One lamp and one color-band reflector achieved the entire effect—but the cost to me of that first light ran into five sizable figures!

THE story of this light runs back to 1879, when I was directing the production of Salmi Morse's Passion Play at the Baldwin Theater in San Francisco.

James O'Neill, the star, complained that sufficient light did not reach a distant part of the stage. I installed two locomotive headlights in the wings, but there still remained one small darkened sector where an important bit of action had to take place.

I noticed a glittering object on a table—a new pie tin someone had dropped there. I held it up in an effort to intercept the light beam and cast it across the stage. Failing in this, I bent the pan inward across the center and tried again. It worked! Thereafter the pie tin did yeoman service as a light auxiliary.

Frances Starr shed her own particular luster over the perfect production of The Little Lady in Blue.

Now, forty-seven years later, I am bending metal reflectors similarly, picking up light that is directed away from the stage and projecting it in any shape and color I wish, and over any desired area.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Sensational New Values Famous Chrysler "70"

New lower prices give you savings of $50 to $200 on world-famed Chrysler Six

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CHRYSLER "70"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

The scenic and lighting effects for each play are worked out in my laboratory, before scenes and settings are built, on a model stage on the scale of an inch to the foot. Down to the tiniest detail, we fit this in miniature as we plan to fit the actual stage for the production. We work out the settings, and, by the use of tiny lights and gelatin or silk shields, determine exactly the colorings of the lights to be used.

Sometimes we experiment for weeks, but when the work is finished there exists a chart so complete in every detail that it can be turned over to electricians, carpenters, and property men without further thought on my part. In effect it is as accurate as the physician's prescription for his patient.

A RECENT play, The Dove, presented an interesting problem in the second-act setting. The scene was a patio garden at night. We needed sufficient moonlight to display shrubs, a garden seat, fountain—and the features of Holbrook Blinn, Judith Anderson, Ruth Dayton, and the other principal characters.

The moonlit sky was a simple problem in diffused colored light projected on the back drop, but the illumination of the patio was a different matter entirely. Finally we set up a group of lighter colored moonlight lamps in silvery blue, merging into them nondiffusive beams of white light to spray the features of the players.

But the very brilliance of the moonlight made it necessary to lay down shadows at proper places on the stage. This we accomplished by focusing the light from baby spots on foliage, garden seat, and central fountain, and the resultant moon shadows were in accordance with my invariable rule that all shadows must be *made*, not left to accident.

Years ago we obtained something of these effects with gelatin shields; but these faded, burned off, and generally proved unsatisfactory, since their diffusive quality was low. We turned to silk shields in various colors; and with these I achieved one of my early lighting surprises.

I had engaged Miss Blanche Bates and Robert T. Haines to play the roles of *Yo San* and *Prince Kara* in The Darling of the Gods, a Japanese tragedy.

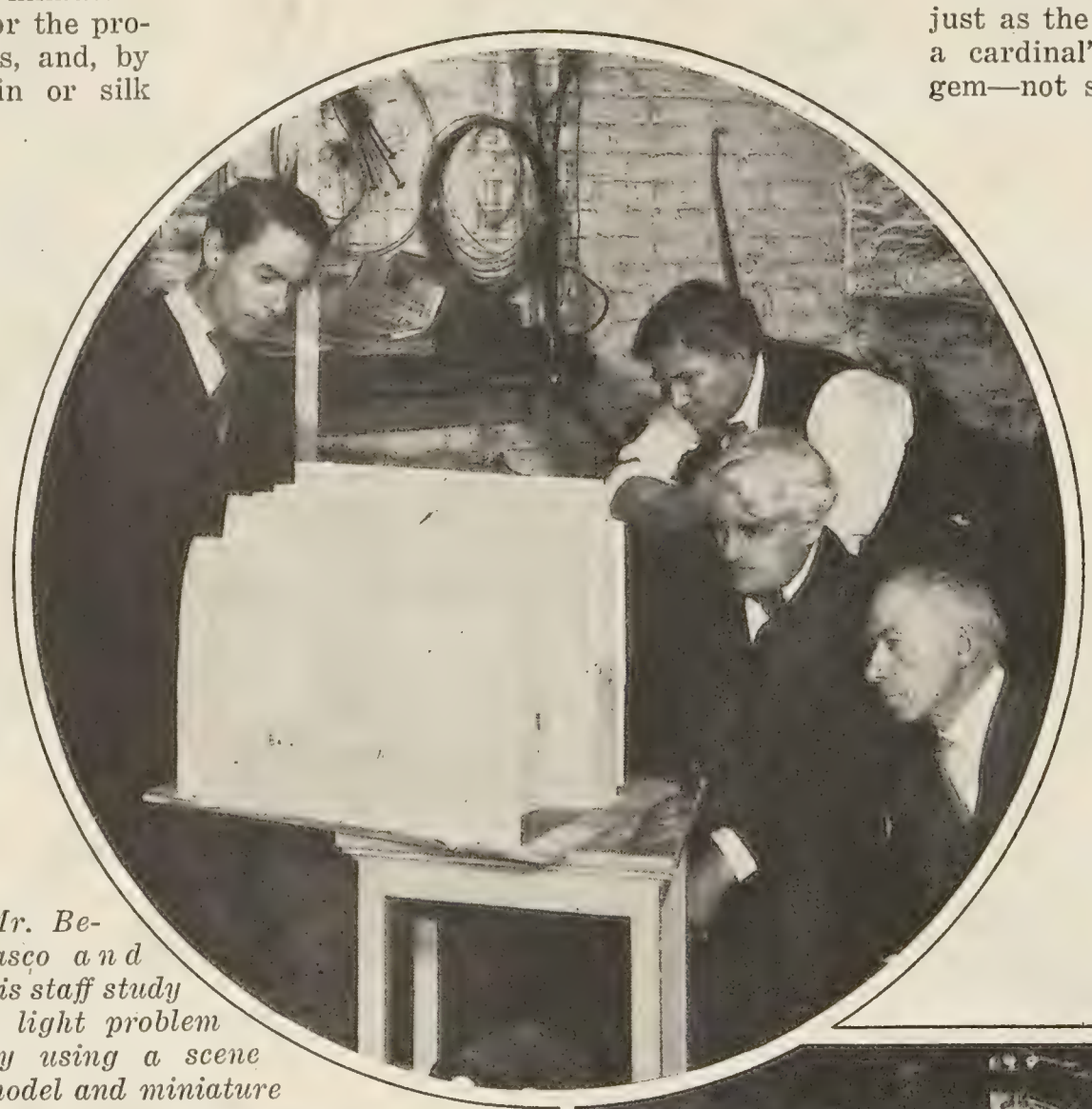
One scene drove me to distraction. It was to show the River of Souls—the dividing line between the Japanese heaven and hell—and, floating on its black waters, twenty young women passing out of life.

We made elaborate suspended harness to support their weight, and I rehearsed them hour after hour in an endeavor to make the illusion realistic. But, rehearse them as we would, they remained "of the earth, earthy"—very frankly young persons of the chorus.

I had expended more than $10,000 in developing the scene, but it became worse and worse.

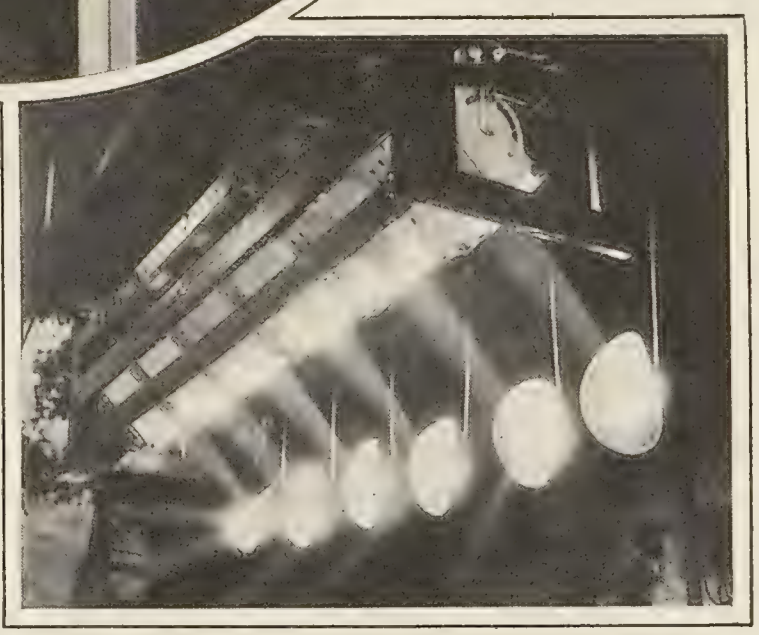
"Strike the scene!" I commanded finally. "The river is out."

Carpenters and electricians, ready to drop with fatigue after an all-night rehearsal, removed all of the set pieces, leaving only the big gauze curtain down, with two calciums glowing in the wings.



Mr. Belasco and his staff study a light problem by using a scene model and miniature lights.

This light has over its lens the concentric rings called "louvres," that break out shadow.



A battery of super lights operated as a group in one of Belasco's productions.

At this moment one of the carpenters walked out on the stage.

"Hold it! Don't move!" I shouted. "I mean you, Mr. Carpenter!"

The poor fellow stood still, staring around him to see what mistake he could have made. Miss Bates, asleep in a stage box, awoke at my shout and ran to my side, asking earnestly: "What is it? What has happened to upset you?"

"Merely," I exulted, pointing to the gauze curtain, "that we have solved the River of Souls puzzle. We've got it at last!"

And there it was. The carpenter, still rigidly at attention, stood in the converging beams of the light paths, while on the gauze curtain was reflected his shadow, half spiritual, eerie in the extreme.

"There's your scene!" I said to Miss Bates, and called another rehearsal for 6 A. M. When the company returned I had the gauze placed so it caught the shadows of the twenty young women as they breasted the light stream. The illusion was perfect—but I junked $10,000 worth of apparatus.

I believe the actor is entitled to realism, just as the audience is. If the play calls for a cardinal's ring, I purchase an authentic gem—not something of wash-gold and glass. I do not substitute sateen for satin, near-silk for silk, nor canvas rocks, walls, and fences for stable, solid settings built in my own shops.

So when, in a recent play, I wanted the replica of a mean, grimy hall bedroom, I went to the worst of the theatrical lodging-houses and bought outright the interior fittings. I know the owner thought I was crazy when I took out the tumble-down bedstead and patched chairs, threadbare carpet, tarnished and broken gas fixtures, tottering cupboards and scratched doors and window casings. Yet, when my players found themselves within that setting, they felt its suggestion and actually were more realistic in their roles.

ALL of the natural light had to enter through a grimy window or emerge from a broken gas fixture, insufficient for my purposes. But experiment showed me I could increase the general illumination with diffused light, and then lay in the needed shadows with direct lights of greater power. In this manner we reproduced exactly the original condition, except that we had raised the general visibility by 20 per cent.

Footlights have been abolished from my theater because they are unnatural. Natural light comes from above. Footlights also have the fault of throwing shadows on back walls and settings.

Instead I have a battery of concealed lights built into the face of the first balcony, casting diffused rays upon the stage. Further to smooth the light stream and cut out the last bit of shadow, there is a twin-light group on the front of the second balcony.

My system of lily-painting differs from others not alone in method but in the actual number of persons required for the work. Often each special lamp has its specially trained expert operator who keeps a moving though invisible light of varying intensity on the various players. Someone is responsible for every bit of light and color value on my stage throughout each performance, for the necessary dimming and increasing of light as players approach or recede from the lamp positions—in short, for everything for which that particular light was designed.

Actually I seek to do away, as far as is possible, with pigments in stage settings, and to replace them with natural colors, directed from above—the Nature method.

THE END

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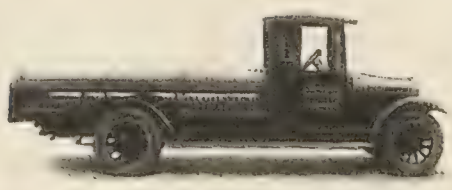

Model SL, Bottler's Body

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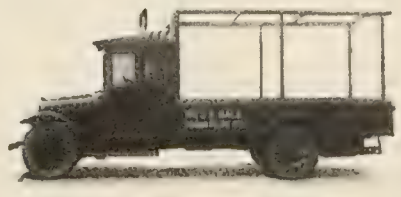

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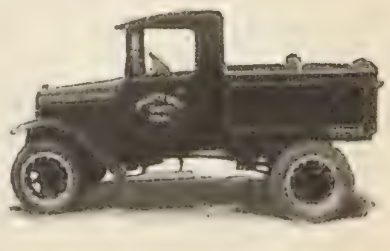


Model SD, Dump Body

SHE clutched the hand he gave her with a strength that hurt, and the coldness of hers frightened him.

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

The Corbin NECKLACE

Priceless Pearls Vanish and a Girl's Troubles Begin

A Serial

By Henry Kitchell Webster

WHEN the excitement about the Corbin necklace began, I had to play the part of a spectator removed from the scene of action. For I was confined to a cottage near the Corbin home, with a broken leg.

The Corbins' house was humming with last-minute preparations for Judy Corbin's wedding. She was to be married to Bruce Applebury, the wealthy scion of a Massachusetts family.

The daily papers had made the unfounded statement that old Mrs. Corbin, an invalid, was going to give her famous pearls to Judy for a wedding present. This publicity frightened Punch Corbin, Judy's thirteen-year-old brother, who was afraid that thieves might be attracted to the house.

Punch asked his grandmother to let him hide the gems until after the wedding. Half willing to do this, she went to the safe to take the necklace out. Both were horrified to discover that the safe was not locked.

Just as they made this discovery, Victoria, Punch's mother, came into the room. There had long been antagonism between her and her mother-in-law. Now, acting on an impulse, old Mrs. Corbin decided to make the newspaper stories about her wedding present to her granddaughter come true.

"Why shouldn't I give the pearls to Judy?" she flung at Victoria. "She's my own granddaughter, isn't she?"

"Judy says she doesn't want them—" Victoria began.

But Mrs. Corbin pounced upon her.

"You've been trying to talk her out of it, have you? So you could get the pearls for yourself? Well, that settles it. She shall have them whether she wants them or not."

Punch, who was a frequent visitor at my cottage, repeated the talk to me the next day.

PART TWO

PUNCH didn't see anything more of his mother that day, until he came down into the drawing-room dressed for dinner, where he found her talking to Judy. They went right on talking, somewhat enigmatically,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Amazing Lumber stops heat and cold

. . . actually saves money

Now.. Every home can be summer-cool, winter-warm, quieter, at a saving. Celotex is practical for old and *new* houses alike. . . .

AN amazing heat-stopping lumber has made house insulation practical! Architects and other building authorities urge its use. People everywhere are adopting it. In five years, more than 80,000 homes have been erected this modern way.

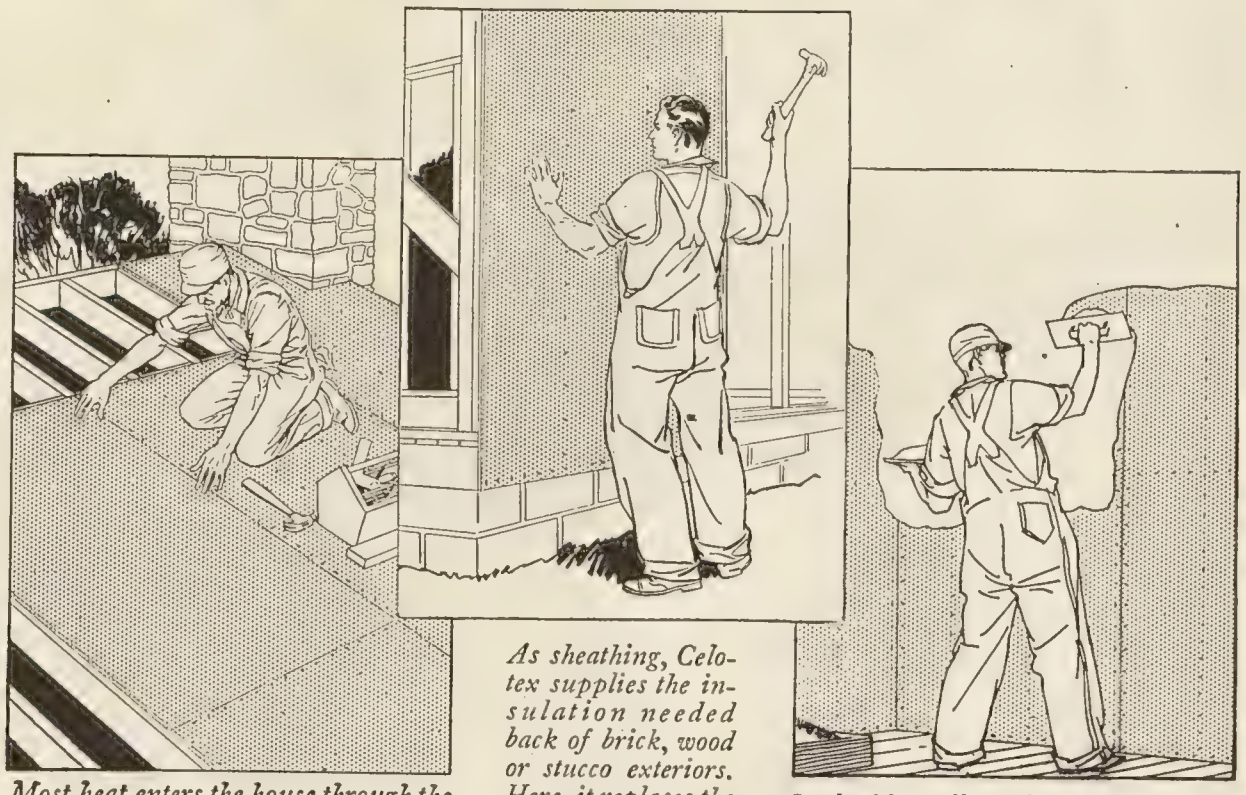
These homes are cool in summer . . . warm in winter . . . healthful . . . quieter . . . economical to keep up. They mark a new standard of American building practice.

For modern builders realize that wood, brick, plaster, concrete, etc., do not effectively keep out sun heat in summer or furnace heat from leaking out in winter. A special insulating, or heat-stopping, material is needed.

To meet this great need, Celotex Insulating Lumber was produced five years ago.

Celotex is not cut from trees. It is manufactured from the tough fibres of cane into broad, strong boards. These Celotex boards resist the passage of heat and cold many times as effectively as wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials. Celotex shuts out wind and moisture . . . quiets sound.

HOW CELOTEX *saves you money*. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.



Most heat enters the house through the roof in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through the roof in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. Both uses are recommended.

As sheathing, Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here, it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls; less apt to crack and free from lath marks.

It *replaces* wood lumber as sheathing, eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick and stucco exteriors *at no extra cost*.

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy in the end. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks.

With the walls and roof of your house covered with Celotex a smaller, less expensive heating plant will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex will *save from 25% to 35% of your fuel bill!*

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Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

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Liberty—June 19th, 1926

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

FINALLY Victoria left the room. Punch wondered that she'd stood it as long as she had.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

after they'd seen him come in, so he had felt entitled to listen and make what he could of it.

They both looked as if the conversation had been rather exciting. But Judy was speaking, now, more affectionately than was her wont. It was as if they'd made up a quarrel about something.

"But of *course* I will, mother! I understand, and I'll do it exactly. You leave it to me. I won't give anybody a chance at it—old Eagle-eye, or anyone else. And please don't bother about it, mother. It isn't as if I cared."

"You're a queer child," her mother said. "Is it really true that you don't care?"

"Not the smallest conceivable—damn!" said Judy.

She smiled a very small smile, and added, "I don't know about Bruce, though. You may have to square me with him."

"You'll have no trouble squaring yourself with him," her mother told her.

There must have been, Punch thought, some significance in the words that Judy didn't like, for she turned sharply away, and he saw that her face had flushed.

But Uncle Alec came into the room just then and that talk was over. He'd arrived only about an hour before.

PUNCH was inclined to approve of his long lost uncle. He was quite jolly, and kept them entertained through what would otherwise have been a pretty painful dinner, with Gran up at the head of the table still in the frame of mind she'd been in after her quarrel with her daughter-in-law.

Then, just as everything was going so well, Uncle Alec went off the deep end by saying something about Judy's necklace. He'd been reading yesterday's paper on the train.

Punch didn't know how the quarrel flared up again. Everybody went on trying to be polite for a while, but it wasn't long before the fat was in the fire. He fastened his eyes upon his plate and tried not to listen to the blistering things his grandmother was saying. Uncle Alec was horrified, of course. He did his best to pacify his mother, but without avail. And finally Victoria got up and left the room. Punch wasn't surprised. He only wondered that she'd stood it as long as she had.

He didn't see her again that evening, and when he came down to breakfast next day, Belden, the old butler, told him she'd gone to town on the early train and was coming back with the guests in the special car that afternoon.

She hated the journey to town, he knew, and he thought it rather funny that she should undertake it again on a hot morning like this, the very day that most of their guests, including the Applebury clan, were coming down.

I silently agreed with him—more heartily than I was willing to admit. There were several things that looked rather queer to me.

I grew more apprehensive and indignant as I turned matters over in my mind after Punch had gone back—"on the job," as he said. Victoria was in trouble. There couldn't be any doubt of that. Academically speaking I was sorry for her. But I had no sympathy with what seemed like an attempt to drag Judy into the breakers with her.

Oh, yes, I'm sentimental about Judy. I may as well admit that at once.

II

NONE of the Corbins went down to the village, which is the better part of two miles from The Oaks, to meet the train. Both Gran and Uncle Alec seemed to think it rather queer that Judy didn't plan to go, but she explained her position with perfect lucidity.

"We've hardly been able to scrape up cars enough to bring them all out in one trip. And mother will be there, of course, to do the arranging."

"Won't your young man feel a bit defrauded at not finding you there?" Uncle Alec asked her.

"It's hard to know about that," Judy answered him thoughtfully. "That's another reason. You see, I don't know whether he'd expect me to kiss him on the station platform or not. I think it's safer, on the whole, to wait and do it here."

The train happened to be late, and they waited quite a while—Gran, Uncle Alec, Judy, and Punch in the corner of one of the deep verandas that commanded the drive. At last the first car appeared.

"There's Bruce," Judy said. "He's the one in the front seat," and added, "So it looks as if it were really going to happen, Punch."

He found, to his consternation, that he had a lump in his throat, and he turned away from her quickly to watch the approaching car. She'd upset him horribly, somehow, looking at him like that. It seemed contrary to the laws of nature that that rather good-looking,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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UTILITY is chief of the many features which make desirable the new ELCAR 8-in-Line 4-passenger Coupe. It has the beauty and the capacity for great performance that have distinguished ELCAR from the first; its intrinsic value is unsurpassed. But beyond these are the compactness and sensitive response to the lightest touch of hand or foot that make it an ideal woman's car, the hidden ruggedness and vast power that win masculine approval without stint—roomy without bulk, it is a car for all the family and for all occasions.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

plump-faced, slightly pompous grown-up could seriously be planning to carry Judy away to live with him. *Judy!*

The boy's impulse was to grab her by the arm, drag her around the corner of the house, and bolt with her. Hide somewhere until the excitement had blown over. There were plenty of girls whom no one would miss who might be allowed to marry Mr. Applebury if they liked.

But Judy wouldn't go with him, he realized, even if he did grab her arm. She'd said good-by to him, somehow, in that one look.

A saving idea occurred to Punch. His grandmother's room upstairs had been left unguarded now for a long while. Most of the servants were having lunch; everybody else had been occupied expecting the arriving guests. Sentry duty was his job just now. He slipped around the corner of the veranda, entered the house, and stole swiftly up the stairs.

THE upper hall was deserted. He tried the door to his grandmother's room. It wasn't locked, and he went in, crossed over to the safe and tried the door to that. It was locked all right, so he withdrew to the hall again. Down at the end of it stood a big high-sided davenport. It afforded an excellent post of observation, since by crouching down in the lee of one of the great arms one could make oneself highly unnoticeable, almost invisible.

Through the open window he could hear cars arriving, one after another, and a steadily rising surge of voices.

He stayed there for what seemed a long while, but it couldn't have been, really, because, of course, as soon as the baggage had come up from the station, the servants would begin carrying up suitcases and things to the different rooms.

Presently he heard a step on the stair, coming up in a hurry but quietly. Instantly he was at gaze, breathless to see who would appear around the turn of the landing. It was Judy.

He'd have spoken to her if astonishment had not silenced him. Her face was so white that the color she had put on it stood out unnaturally, and her eyes were wild, like those of a frightened animal.

She looked right at him as she passed, and he thought at first she hadn't seen him at all. But when she went into her room she left the door open behind her and called his name, not loudly, but urgently.

"Come in," she said, as he halted on the threshold, "and shut the door after you."

She had flung herself down on the bed. He stood awkwardly beside her, not knowing what he ought to do. She wasn't crying. He thought she must be suddenly ill.

"Hadn't I better call mother?" he asked.

"No," she said. "Don't call anybody. Don't do anything. Just stay here a few minutes until I have had time to think. Sit down and give me something to hold on to. Everything's rocking like a boat."

SHE clutched the hand he gave her with a strength that hurt, and the coldness of hers frightened him. But he obeyed her literally and didn't try to talk, let alone ask questions.

Presently her grip relaxed and her eyes steadied themselves. Evidently the rocking wasn't quite so bad. She had a queer look in her face, though there was nothing you could call it but a smile. And then suddenly her eyes filled up with tears and she began to cry. She buried her face in a pillow in order to make no noise, and sobbed and shook. But this somehow didn't distress him as much as the smile had done.

The crying didn't last very long, and when it was finished and she looked up at him again and said shakily, "I'm all right now," he perceived that this was true.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she said. "I've got to think and I can't, yet. Punch, are you for me? Are you on my side whatever happens — whatever I do?"

"Sure I am!" he told her.

"Sure you are!" she said, and sitting up suddenly, she kissed him in the sort of brief, businesslike way that was her fashion.

Then she dropped back again on the pillow.

"Why, this is what happened," she went on, after a thoughtful silence. "You're to go down now and tell them all about it. I slipped on a rug, down there in the hall, and turned my ankle, quite hard. And I'm up here now in my bathroom putting it in hot water so it won't be swollen—for the wedding, you know. And I shan't be able to play tennis this afternoon, or swim either, I suppose. But otherwise I'm quite all right. You don't mind being a liar, do you, Punch, in a good cause?"

He told her he didn't.

"Where did you disappear to when the crowd came?" she asked him suddenly. "You were there just the minute before."

"Oh, I was sort of keeping an eye on things," he told her. "Grandmother's room, you know. On account of the necklace."

She gave a rather sudden laugh at that, and told him he had that necklace on the brain.

"Forget it!" she commanded him. "Go down and meet the Appleburys. But don't forget about my ankle."

Punch got downstairs in time to find the crowd on the veranda in the act of dispersal to their rooms. He gave Judy's message to his mother, and it had, of course, the effect of checking, for a few minutes, the movement indoors. People crowded around, plying him for details, and passing the news along.

It was hard luck, they all felt, but there was nothing to be done about it. They might as well go in and dress for tennis or riding or just lounging about. Punch was requisitioned as usher to show people where their rooms were.

WHEN he had personally conducted a good many of them and the rush was over, he came downstairs from the third floor to find a man he hadn't previously seen standing indecisively in the second floor hall.

"I seem to have got lost," he said to the boy. "I'm William Grant, a cousin of Bruce Applebury's. You're Punch, aren't you?"

Punch said he was, and took the hand the man held out to him.

"Why, you're up in what we call the Club," he said. "That's on the next floor. I'll show you."

"I don't believe that's necessary," the man protested. "I think I can find it if you'll tell me."

"Oh, no," Punch insisted. "I'll show you. Come along."

He was deeply perplexed as he turned to mount the stairs. There was nothing queer, of course, about his having failed to see the man in the crowd on the veranda. There was no reason to doubt his being a wedding guest. He looked like a person who would be one. Punch had liked his looks instantly. He looked sort of lazy, and yet alert, too, and as if he were the kind of person that could understand things.

But what he hadn't in the least seemed like, in the moment when Punch first glimpsed him in the hall, was a man who had lost his way and was looking for the door of his own room. It had looked

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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YOU wash off the lather—then what? Powder won't do. It's too dry—blots up the natural moisture from your skin. Greases? Not these hot days.

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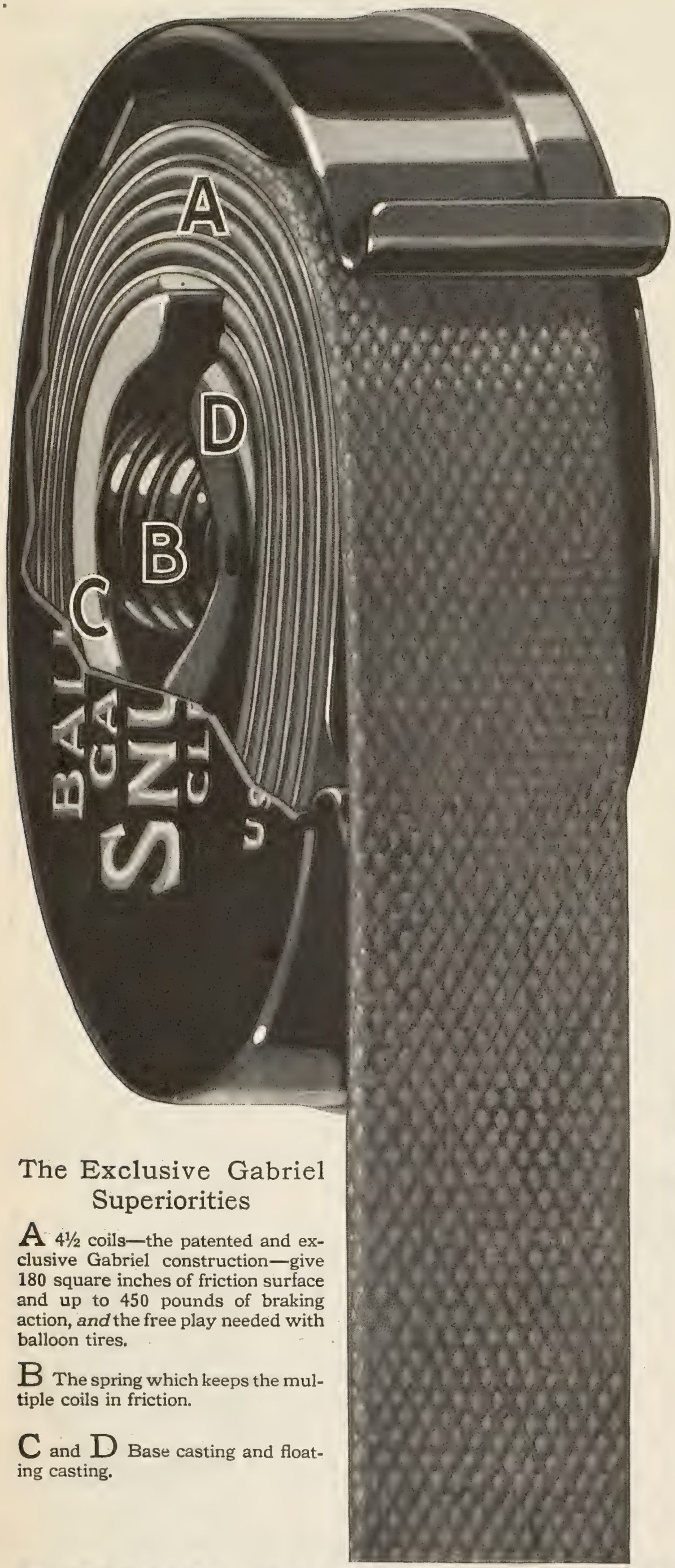

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

more like waiting than looking. A rather exciting sort of waiting, too.

The Club was what they called an irregular suite of three or four bedrooms and a bath, opening through a tiny vestibule of its own into the billiard-room. As Punch opened the door and conducted the man in, they saw the prospective bridegroom, already stripped to his underclothes, and getting out of them for his bath.

"Where in the world have you been?" he said to Punch's charge.

"Got lost," the other answered cheerfully. "Punch, here, rescued me."

"Well, look alive," Bruce commanded, "if you're going to play tennis."

"I'm not," his cousin told him. "Changed my mind."

"How's Judy?" Bruce asked Punch. "Has she come out yet?"

Punch said he didn't think so. He hadn't seen her, anyhow.

"It's a shame you won't be able to see her play, Bill. Her form's simply immense, and she gets around the court like a little wildcat."

Punch knew he didn't like Bruce Applebury when he heard him say this. He was talking already as if he owned her. And what was rather strange, he got the impression that Bill Grant didn't like it very well either.

He hung about the upper hall for a little while hoping, since Judy's door was half open, that she would come out, but she didn't. So he went forlornly out to the court.

HIS spirits came up, little by little, out here in the sunshine. There was a lot of good fast tennis. Applebury played insatiably; a hard, wary, efficient sort of game. It was evident he loved it. Punch kept an eye open for Bill Grant, whom he hoped would appear among the onlookers, but in this he was disappointed.

He saw him later, though, at the pool, when the tennis was over. Everybody went in swimming then, including Punch himself. Judy, with a cane and a good big bandage showing through her stocking, came down to watch the sport. She gave so good an imitation of a girl with a damaged ankle that Punch found himself wondering whether perhaps it hadn't been true that she'd slipped on the rug. And certainly there seemed to be nothing now the matter with her spirits. He was heavily at a discount with himself as a detective when he went into the house to dress for dinner.

This didn't take him long—all his movements are singularly neat and swift—and he was the first person to come down from the top floor.

His grandmother's door was open now, and when he paused there a moment, she called to him to come in. She was dressed for dinner and all ready for her ride down in the elevator. She struck him, just as she had on her first appearance the day before, as being rather unusually bright looking, somehow. And again almost unnaturally amiable.

"HOW about it, Punch?" she asked. "Shall we give your sister something to make up to her for her bad ankle? Nobody will

look at her ankles if she has the pearls around her neck. Why shouldn't she wear them tonight? Give that bridegroom of hers a treat. Let him see what he's going to get."

Punch was moved to protest. "I sort of don't think she'd want to wear them tonight," he said. "It's nearly two whole days before the wedding."

"Go and call her," his grandmother commanded, starting to wheel herself over to the safe. "No, don't stop to help me. I don't need it. Go tell your sister as soon as she's dressed to come to me."

Punch went on the errand a little reluctantly, and gave the message to Judy through the door.

She was putting on, as he entered the room, some sort of kimono-like garment of orange colored silk. But she arrested the action to laugh at the sight of him.

"You look so nice and innocent, with your hair brushed," she explained, and having her arms in her sleeves by this time, she came over and hugged him. "Oh, Punch, you're a dear!" she cried. "You made an instantaneous hit this afternoon. Do you know that?"

It wasn't the caress that made him uncomfortable, nor yet the compliment. It was the sort of wildness there was about her look.

"I don't know what's going to happen," she went on, still holding him by the shoulders and looking at him very intently. "I don't know that it matters—much—what does. Only—you haven't forgotten what you said this afternoon? You're on my side, you know."

He told her that he was and that he hadn't forgotten.

"All right," she said. "Come along to grandmother. Do you know what she wants?"

He was afraid, somehow, that if he told her she'd refuse, so instead of answering her question he reminded her that she was starting off without her cane. She laughed and darted across the room to get it. Then, with her arm through his, she limped decorously down the hall to her grandmother's room.

When they reached the old lady's room she had opened the safe door, and had the brown morocco case in her lap.

"That isn't your dinner dress, is it?" she complained at sight of her granddaughter. "I sent word you were to come when you were dressed. I wanted to see how you'd look in the pearls. However, now you're here, you may as well put them on."

Punch had been watching his sister, for the sight of the morocco case in his grandmother's lap had convinced him that everything was all right. He saw her eyes widen a little.

At the same moment his grandmother uttered a wheezy sort of shriek. He turned and looked. The box she held in her hand was empty.

"Shut the door!" Judy commanded, and his prompt obedience came none too soon, for with the old woman's next breath she cried out, full voice, "They're gone! She's taken them! Your mother's taken them!"

"Are they *really* gone?" Judy asked.

Then, to Punch's amazement, she began to laugh.

III

I HAD three visitors that evening. Punch was the first. He ditched the dinner at The Oaks and rode over on his bicycle in time to dine with me—to go through the motions of dining with me rather, for he ate hardly anything.

He was, of course, terribly cast down by the loss of the necklace which he had tried so conscientiously to guard. He felt, too, that if the others had treated the case as seriously as he had done, it needn't have happened. They hadn't treated it seriously, any of them, with the possible exception of Uncle Alec. They'd laughed at him for having the necklace on the brain. They'd implored him to forget it and not be a pest.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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Is it any wonder that more than 100,000 women now own this marvelous electric stove? You simply click a switch, and in 30 to 40 seconds the new type burners develop an intense heat that cooks as fast as gas. The burners operate independently by rotary "on and off" switches. There is a protecting plate under each. The stove is 18 inches by 9 inches by 5½ inches. Made of finest sheet steel, finished in gleaming black enamel, and equipped with cord and two-piece plug. Six dollars is an incredibly low price for this fine stove, unless you are familiar with the unusual values that so distinguish the entire line of White Cross Electric Appliances.

$6.00

Size— 18 in. long, 9 in. wide, 5½ in. high.

$29

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☐ Send me by express prepaid No. 106 Cabinet Range. I enclose remittance for $29 ($32.50 west of Rockies) with the understanding that I may use the range any way I like for one whole week. Then, if I am not satisfied, I will return it and you will refund full price without question.

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Dealers: Thousands of dealers are stocking White-Cross stoves and ranges because there never has been a better opportunity for big volume on items ranging from $6 to $29. Brisk turnover is assured by amazing values that sell on sight, nation-wide demand, and advertising that reaches millions. Share in these record breaking sales. Write or wire your jobber or direct to us for special bulletin.

4-cup Percolator, $4.40
A New Design of Striking Individuality.

WHEN tennis was over everybody went in swimming.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

He didn't, though, entirely acquit himself of negligence. That half hour or more while he, with the others, had waited on the veranda for the arrival of the guests, might have given the thief—assuming that that thief had secreted himself in the house at some time previously—his opportunity. And this was just the time, Punch said, when he should have been on the job.

"Oh, come!" I protested. "There were plenty of other chances for the thing to be taken. You couldn't have stayed on guard all the time."

He insisted with a vehemence which didn't strike me as quite like him that this was when the necklace had disappeared.

"The necklace is known to have been seen," I argued, "by nobody since your grandmother showed it to you yesterday afternoon. She put it back in the safe and locked it up. It seems to me our difficulty is that there have been so many chances to take it."

"For who to take it?" he asked me.

"Why, for almost anybody who was in the house," I said.

A queer look went over his face, as if for some reason that offhand remark of mine had frightened him.

"Not for anyone who *would* take it," he said. "Of course there were chances for people who wouldn't."

AT that I got an idea. I asked him, suddenly: "How do you know that the necklace has really been taken? Your grandmother sprang the loss of it on you and Judy in a rather dramatic way. Isn't it possible that she adopted your idea that the jewels ought to be hidden somewhere rather than kept in the safe? She'd been rather annoyed at your insistence that they oughtn't to be in the safe, although she'd become convinced, more or less, that you were right about it. She'd been still more annoyed at Judy for saying she didn't want the necklace.

"Well, then, she sends you to get Judy, opens the safe, tucks the pearls away somewhere—in her own dress, perhaps—and then springs the empty box on the pair of you. Isn't that possible? She has guarded against their being stolen, and she's scored off you and Judy at the same time."

"She wasn't paying any attention to Judy and me. She didn't even notice that Judy laughed. She was screaming that mother had taken them. Practically out of her head. Miss Digby had to give her a hypodermic to quiet her."

That shattered my theory, of course. It had been no joke, even of the grimmest, for the old woman. But my mind had already fastened on something else.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Ansco Speedex Film comes in the red box with the yellow band. There's a size to fit all makes of roll-film cameras.

Ansco—Binghamton, N. Y.

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Thirty-five]

"Judy laughed, you say, when she saw that the necklace was gone?" He hadn't told me that before.

"Yes," he said.

I remarked that it was natural enough that she should be a bit hysterical, for the moment, after a loss of that kind.

"That wasn't the way she laughed," he told me. "She laughed as if it was something that didn't matter very much, but was rather funny. As if she was really thinking about something else. But I don't know why she laughed nor what the other thing was she was thinking about."

His voice had faltered, but he had forced it to the end of the sentence, and I perceived what I might have guessed earlier. The thing the boy was agonizing over lay deeper than the disappearance of the necklace, although behind it, perhaps, and connected with it.

"Well," I said cheerfully, "we know Judy didn't steal the necklace, anyway, nor your mother, either. Go back to the time the people came and tell me everything that's happened."

IT steadied him to have a piece of perfectly straight reporting like that to do; something that called the faculties of his active, orderly mind into play, and he went ahead and gave me the narrative of the afternoon, substantially as I have put it down. I didn't interrupt him with questions. But when he had finished, I asked a few.

"Miss Digby wouldn't have stayed in the room while your grandmother was lying down, would she?"

"Not in her bedroom," he said. "But it's her sitting-room, next door, where the safe is. I thought she was going to stay in the sitting-room, but I'm not sure she did."

"If she went away," I pointed out, "there'd have been a chance for someone to open the safe if it weren't locked, or to unlock it if he knew the combination, and get the necklace while your grandmother was asleep. For that matter, isn't it likely that Miss Digby knows the combination to the safe herself? She must have seen your grandmother open it a hundred times."

"Yes," he said, "I suppose she does." Then he laughed. "Old Digs didn't take the necklace, though," he said.

I agreed with him about that. It wasn't possible seriously to suspect Miss Digby.

"I'm not talking about the probability that anyone stole it," I explained. "I'm trying to include all the people who had a chance to take the necklace at that time."

"Well," he said, "if Digs went out, everybody who was in the house had a chance."

"Including," I remarked, "your assumed thief who had concealed himself somewhere on the premises."

"IT wouldn't have been so good a chance for him as the other time," he insisted, "because Judy was right there in her room across the hall, and her door was open when Miss Digby sent me away. Besides, there were a lot of people downstairs all the rest of the afternoon. He'd have had trouble getting away without meeting anybody."

"What are they doing about it?" I asked. "How many people know the necklace is gone?"

"Only mother and Uncle Alec besides Gran and Judy and me. Oh, and Digs, of course. I went and got mother and she sent me for Uncle Alec. They jawed about it, there in grandmother's room, until it was time to go down to dinner."

"Didn't your grandmother herself have anything to say about it?"

"Oh, she was in bed in the next room. The hypodermic put her out, I guess. It was mostly mother and Uncle Alec. He's awfully excited about it. Wants to send for detectives. But mother won't have it."

"How about Judy?" I asked. "You'd think her vote would count, as long as it was to have been her necklace."

"Judy didn't vote. She didn't seem to care what they did. It seemed as if she was still thinking about something else. I don't think she wanted the police though."

"What do *you* want?" I asked.

The intensity of his answer startled me.

"I don't care much about the necklace now," he said, "but I want the thief found. *I'm* not afraid who it'll turn out to be."

"You mean," I asked, "that you think your mother and Judy *are* afraid?"

He looked at me steadily but did not answer.

What makes Punch think his mother and Judy suspect who the thief is and want to keep his identity hidden? No matter how much guessing you do, it's a safe bet you will be amazed at the revelations in the third installment. Watch for it in next week's LIBERTY.

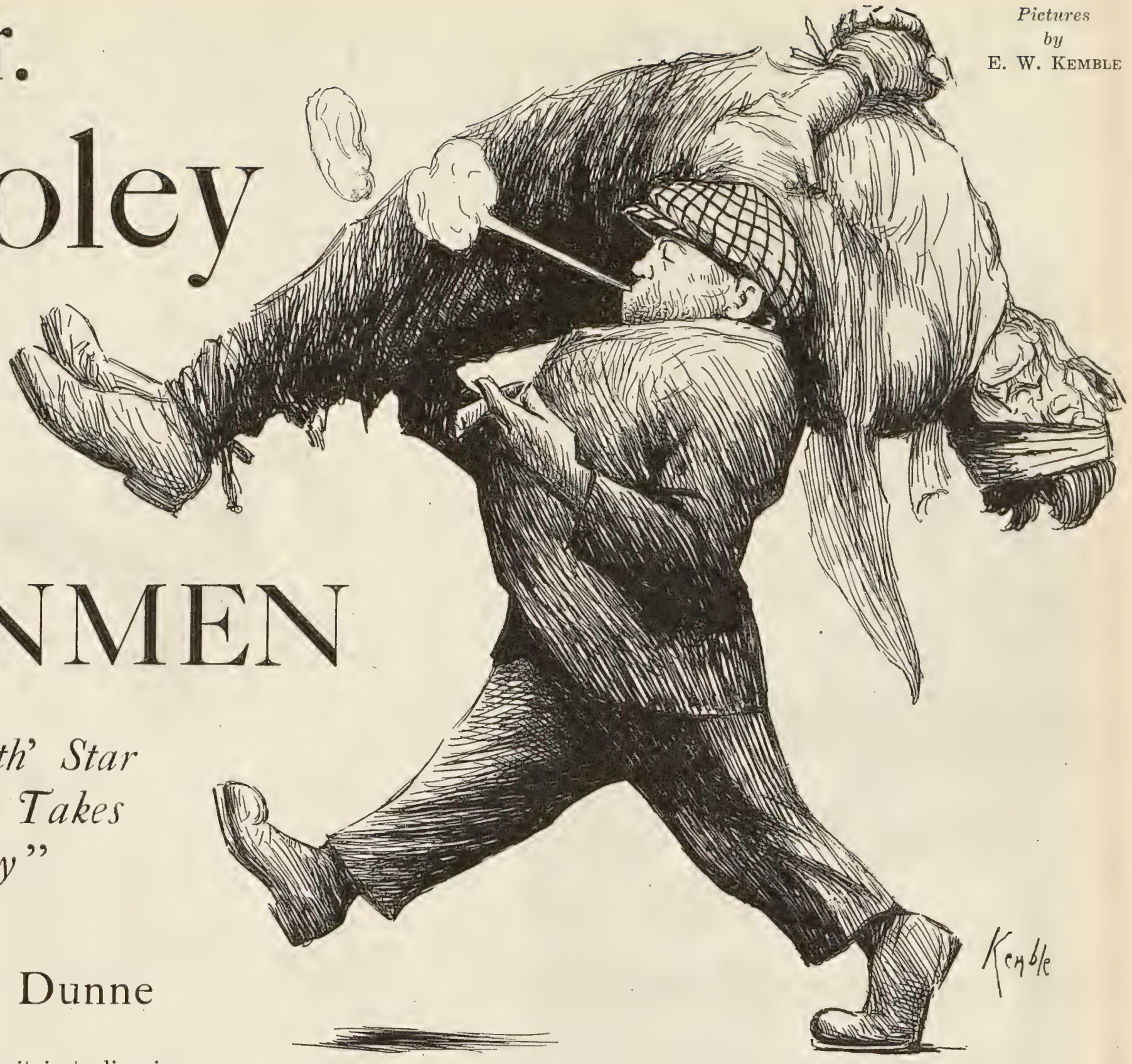
Mr. Dooley Talks About Gunmen

"Westward th' Star iv Homicide Takes Its Way"

By

Finley Peter Dunne

Pictures by E. W. Kemble



"'Ye can bring him in whole or be sictions. On'y bring him in.'"

"WHAT a privilege it is to live in this gr-reat city," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper. "Critics accuse us iv bein' given to mateeryal things, but all around me I see nawthin' but Romance. Not a dull moment day or night but th' roar iv cannon that tells us th' Oppenheim gang is sellin' formaldehyde west iv Morgan Sthreet an' th' Clan Ginnochio has risen to defend its homes an' stills.

"Why shud anny Chicago man want to go to Africa to hunt big game whin if he pokes his head out iv his front window he's li'ble as not to have th' pipe knocked out iv his mouth be a random bullet? Look-a-here, will ye? 'Spike Meegan in dool to th' death with Scarface Antonio.—Maxie Miller knocks off Angelo Pistachio.—Rival gunmen battle with masheen guns.'

"Ain't it gr-rand? Masheen guns! Did ye hear that? I used to think I'd like to live in Sherwood's forest whin Robin Hood was givin' pilgrims th' wurruks. But did Robin Hood iver bump annywan off with a Browning? Where wud th' liks iv him land if he wint again annywan iv a hundherd iv me fellow citizens—him with his bow-an'-arrow? An' what wud he be doin' stickin' up th' sheriff iv Nottingham whin he'd ilicted that same sheriff to office, mebbe?

"A Chicago man who goes to anny other capital must have a dhreary time. What they'd call excitement in New York wud seem tiresome humdhrum to a visitor fr'm our garden city. Here life is full iv incident an' a burgher that gets home at night without a few holes in his hat thinks he's had a dhrab day.

"I ain't sayin' annything again th' desperadoes iv other cities, mind ye. If I met wan iv thim I'd respict his wishes. All I ask iv him is a little politeness. He don't need to say, 'Plaze,' or 'Will ye kindly?' He has but to hint to me to stick 'em up an' I'll stick 'em up. But I beg iv him to tell me what he wants befure shootin' me an' I'm on'y too willin' to oblige. Th' brusquest iv our frinds must admit that it is hard f'r a man to put his hands annywhere but on his stomach afther th' latter has been perforated.

"But I don't think th' bould fellows iv anny part iv th' wurruld compares with our local boys. I've seen th' Apachy iv Paris on th' stage an' th' way he chokes th' young lady he's dancin' with shows he's no dhreamer. In London th' stout coster jumps on th' face iv his prosthrate foe in a style that stamps thim both as men. In New York crime is frequent an' continuse. But it always seems friv'lous.

"New York is still a gr-reat crime centher an' an objick lesson to European bandits who land there. Th' stock exchange is open nearly all day, pro-hibition enfoorcemint officers walk th' sthreets unmolested, an' th' crossin' cops stop th' thraffick to let th' gunman through on his way to take th' jools out iv th' safe an' put th' jooler in.

"But, at its roughest, th' rough wurruk there seems ladylike, if ye can recall what those wurruds used to mean. Th' way they describe th' op'rations iv their ladin' assassins shows th' diff'rence between th' spirit iv th' two towns.

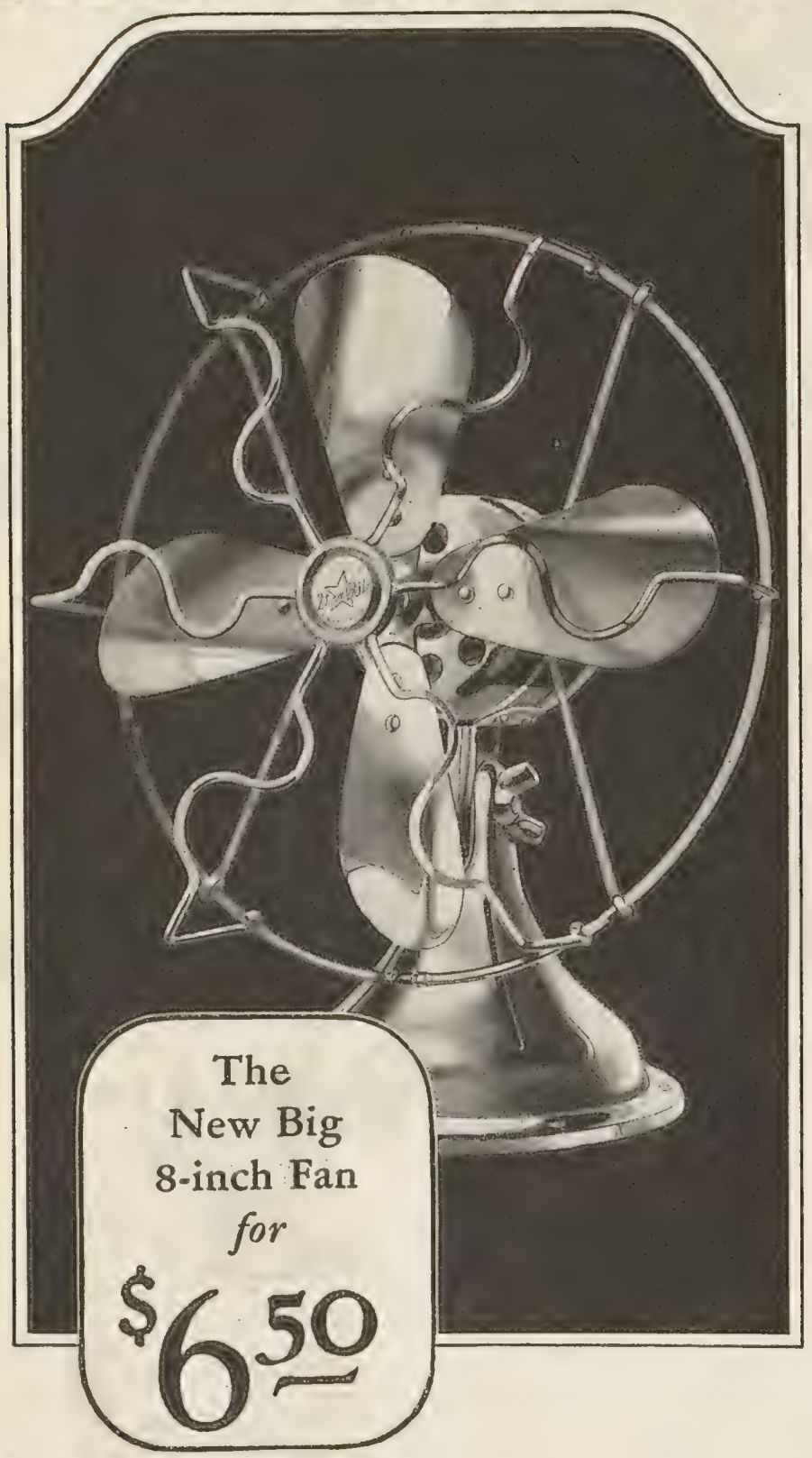
"In th' East they 'turn thim off,' but here we 'knock thim off'—a fine, robust exprissyon f'r shootin' a gintleman in th' ear an' pitchin' him out iv th' car. No, sir, New York has long lost its supreemacy. Westward th' star iv homicide takes its way.

"Iv coorse there have been notable villyans in ivry age an' counthry. I've r-read about th' Thugs iv Indya an' th' Assassins iv Syria, fine bodies iv men that took a rale delight in their wurruk. Whin young I enjyed th' exploits iv Jesse an' Frank James an' th' Younger Boys, Missouri farmers who played to th' sticks, shootin' up rooral communities on'y. An' Billy th' Kid was all right f'r a bandit with milk stains on his boots.

"But I maintain—an' I'm not boastin'—I'd be th' last man in th' wurruld to hurt th' civic pride iv anny American—I maintain that nowhere in ancient or modhern times has there been th' akel iv th' sturdy, disciplined, enther-prisin' gunman iv this, th' loveliest village iv

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The New Big 8 inch Fan for $6.50



THIS new eight-inch fan is the fan sensation of the year. It has as fine workmanship and quality as you will find in any fan of much higher price. The blades are individually mounted, and the gauge and pitch of each blade is accurate to the 1/1000 part of an inch. Each blade is then accurately balanced against every other and the slightest variation means rejection. It has the famous STAR-Rite all nickel sparkling finish. The height is over 11 inches. Price $6.50—In Canada $7.95.

The ten-inch oscillating fan is built for persons who want the very best. No other oscillating fan within this price has the features which this fan offers. Specially cut oscillating gears control and assure a constant rhythmic sweep without tremor or vibration. The motor is 100% efficient at all speeds. Three speeds insure maximum service. STAR-Rite famous all nickel sparkling finish. Price $13.50—In Canada $16.75.

The 10-inch Oscillating Fan, Price $13.50. In Canada, $16.75

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For sale wherever reliable electrical equipment is sold

If your dealer doesn't carry STAR-Rite write us for full information

[MR. DOOLEY TALKS ABOUT GUNMEN Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

th' plain. An' to be first in America is to be first in th' wurruld.

"How feeble ar-re th' efforts iv th' New York crook who holds up a seegar-store with a little beanblower iv a thirty-eight or pats th' wayfarer over th' noodle with a piece iv pipe, compared with th' sojer statesmen iv our neighborin' pretty suburb iv Cicero, who goes into action with a masheen gun an' a wagonload iv ammynition!

"They won't stop with masheen guns ayether. Gr-reat inthrests ar-re involved an' th' rights iv th' smaller nations like Chekky-Slovokya to sell in th' Foorteenth Ward. Our inflooinchal killers ar-re not afraid to take a leaf out iv histhry. They'd take th' whole book if they wanted to.

"IN a few years th' war corryspondints will be re-poortin' fr'm th' front:

"'War was declared yisterdah be Scarface Geseppy Spinnichio again his rival Solly th' Snitch, who had invaded th' Spinnichio domain, crossin' th' river at Jackson Sthreet, an' startin' a broory. Gin'ral Scarface mobilized his foorces at wanst an' moved again th' inimy position. There was a spirited dool between th' rival air squadhrons befure th' third corps laid down a barrage at eight o'clock.

"'Th' artill'ry practice was excillent, th' Sangamon Sthreet batthry bracketin' important positions with their siventy-fives an' settin' fire to a dump in Jackson Sthreet. Resistance be th' inimy's threnches was broken up be th' bombin' squads hurlin' bottles iv synthetic gin. Th' air was soon filled with purple an' green fumes an' th' throops were obliged to halt to don their gin masks.

"'Th' army has dug in at th' Union Deepo, but with th' aid iv star shells is keepin' up a lively bombardmint. Th' commissary has wurruked in a way to excite th' praise iv th' commandin' gin'ral, th' boys bein' supplied with lib'ral rations iv cocaine, heroine, an' opium, an' tonight they cud be heerd singin' in th' dugouts while th' needle was passed fr'm hand to hand.

"'The Gov'nor, th' State's attorney, an' th' judges iv th' Supreem Coort inspicted th' lines at sundown. Rabbit Ear Bennyvinnto, th' chief iv th' air squadhron, has been offered th' cross iv th' lagion iv honor, but refused it sayin' he'd got th' double cross fr'm th' Supreem Coort th' las' time he was run in f'r disordhly conduck an' assassination. Durin' his intherview with th' gin-ral staff th' Gov'nor lost a Masonic pin, a goold watch, an' a pocketful iv pardon blanks.'

"THE fellow wud start runnin' while he was still in th' air."

"This polajeem iv our liberties that I find on me durestep ivry mornin' says that ye can get a man kilt in this fair city f'r fifteen dollars. That's a lot iv money but it's th' union scale, though I s'pose f'r a large ordher ye cud arrange f'r club rates, two f'r twinty-five. Th' on'y throuble is gettin' th' fifteen.

"If I wished ye knocked off, as we boys say, if I felt in a spindthrift mood an' wanted to indulge mesilf in a luxury that I'd looked for'ard to iver since I first met ye, I cud go to some likely young Sicilyan an' give him fifteen dollars an' have him take ye f'r a ride down to th' Sag.

"LIKE as not he'd say, 'Keep ye'er money, cavaleery. It wud be a rale pleasure to do it f'r nawthin'. But if ye wud be thinkin' iv sindin' a gates ajar, or an anchor or, p'raps, a pillow iv white carnations with th' wurrud "Papa," on it in blue immortelles, to th' fam'ly, here's me card. I'm connicted with O'Bunion, th' florist, an' Mike wud apprecyate ye'er ordher f'r ayether calla lil'ies or gin. Our motto is: "Don't wait f'r business to come to ye. Create it. Ivry good salesman makes his own customers."'

"But iv coorse fifteen dollars is a gradle iv money to spind on pleasure seekin'. If it wasn't, few iv us wud be safe fr'm our fam'ly or frinds.

"It's been a fine thing f'r our

city. Since th' fire or th' Wurruld's Fair, Chicago has niver had so much free advertisin'. Ye can't credit it all to pro-hybition ayether, though that binificint law has done much to improve th' thrade in artill'ry an' has opened up new avnoos f'r th' gunman. If th' killers iv Cook County had a spark iv gratichood they'd put up a monymint iv broken bottles an' empty ca'tridges to Andy Volstead.

"Annyhow th' more laws ye have th' more criminals there'll be. That ain't a theery. It's simple arithmetic. Th' first thing anny thrue American asks about a law is: 'How can I break it?' It's th' same whether he come in through Ellis Island or Duxbury. We're all arnychists f'r oursilves. Ivrybody wants to beat the thraffick but hates to see annywan else do it.

"No, sir, much as pro-hybition has done to create this thrivin' pro-fessyon, pollyticks shud share th' praise. Pollyticks has always been a hardy spoort in this part iv th' wurruld, but it niver got to th' hite iv civil war in th' ol' days.

"I WONDHER what th' statesmen iv my young manhood wud say if they come down—or up—to arth. These boys were retail shooters. They done things on a small scale an' a homicide a year was th' most to be expicted iv thim. But how can th' most savin' assassin live on fifteen dollars a year with dance tickets f'r self an' moll at tin dollars?

"Th' pa-apers ar-re denouncin' th' judges f'r not scraggin' th' la-ads enough, but what's a goodhearted judge goin' to do? P'raps just as he is puttin' on th' black cap, th' pris'ner says, 'Judge, don't ye raymimber me?' An' his honor looks down an' recalls that th' last time he see th' inhuman monsther, th' poor fellow was performin' th' pathriotic service iv stavin' in th' head iv a citizen that wanted to vote again th' judge at a prim'ry; an' he changes th' charge fr'm murdher in th' first degree to spittin' in a public conveyance an' suspinds sintince.

"Some say th' polis cud stop these massacrees if they wanted to an' some say they cudden't. Me idee is that th' ayes have it. Ye know what th' av'rage copper looks like. Did ye iver see a gunman? Me pro-fisyon an' me taste f'r pollyticks has brought me in contack with manny iv thim an' I niver yet see ary wan that was over five feet four or weighed more thin a hundherd an' eighteen pounds, gun inclooded. A skinny, pale, scared-to-death lot iv hopheads with less thin half a lung apiece.

"I'M a humanitaryan, ye might say. I believe in moral suasion an' 'tis my idee that a hundherd Roscommon men, each with a bit iv a wagon-tongue in his hand, wud have all th' gunmen east iv th' Des Plaines River movin' to Milwaukee or Saint Looey be freight in a week, if th' chief wud give thim a vacation f'r th' purpose.

"Ye remimber Jawnny Shea, him that was cap'n, don't ye? Jawnny was not more thin six feet two an' not less thin a yard acrost th' shouldhers. He was a goodlookin' man, but th' most attractive feature about him was his right fut. I don't know how big it was but it looked about th' size iv an armored thruck. He'd been a futball player in his day an' he had a long swingin' kick that was very acc'rate.

"Be hivens, lookin' back at it, I think he cud kick a suspicious charackter a block away. Often have I walked with him an' he'd say, 'Excuse me,' an' go up to a tough-lookin' bur-rd, turn him around an' give him a histe. An' th' fellow wud start runnin' while he was still in th' air. 'That was Cock-eye, th' gunman. I told him to keep out iv me pricint,' he'd say whin he come back to resoom our talk about th' arly potes iv Ireland. There was more civilizin' varchoo in Jawn Shea's fut

"'Crossin' th' river at Jackson Sthreet, an' startin' a broory.'"

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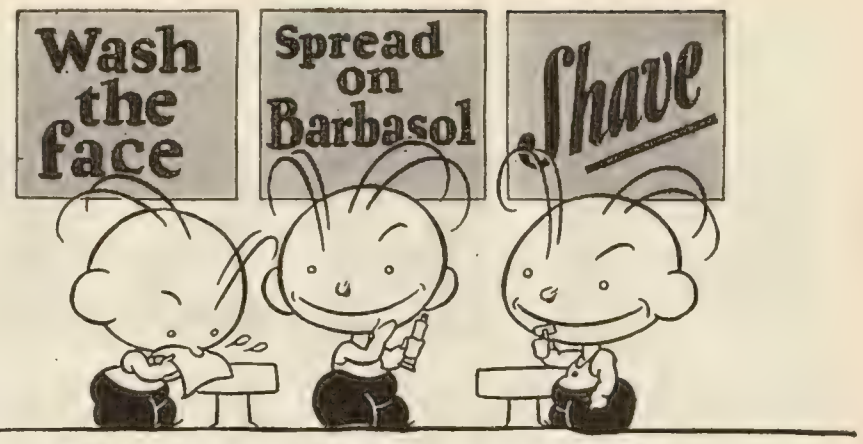

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CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

BAKING POWDER

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

[MR. DOOLEY TALKS ABOUT GUNMEN
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

thin in all th' decisions th' Supreem Coort has handed down fr'm Bushrod Wash'nton to Willum Tafit.

"Befure th' prim'ries Jawnny wud get wurrud fr'm down town to lay off f'r a while. Thin th' rats wud come out iv their holes an' crime wud be rampant as th' fellow says. Th' bad boys wud have things their own way an' iv coorse they wudden't know whin to stop. They'd begin holdin' up grocery stores, barber shops, an' pool rooms, an' gin'rally intherferin' with th' wheels iv commerce.

"Wan day Jawnny wud call in his handyman 'Grab All.' That wasn't his rale name, but 'twas what he was called be th' gamblers, f'r he was much thrusted be his supeeryors, an' done all th' collictin' fr'm th' games iv chance. He was a small man in hite but was about as tall lyin' down as standin' up an' ye cudden't make a dent in anny part iv his anatomy with an auger. In rellijon he was Presbyteeryan.

"'GRAB ALL,' says Jawnny, 'ye know Fingy, th' Killer?' 'Sure,' says Grab All. 'Well,' says Jawnny, 'I hear he's been cuttin' up with his gun. Now that th' exigincies iv pollyticks no longer calls f'r th' exercise iv diplomacy,' he says, f'r he was a well-read man, an' used tall wurruds, 'I'd like to have him come down an' talk things over with me. D'ye think ye can bring him in?' says Jawnny.

"'I'll bring him in,' says Grab All, an' started f'r th' dure. 'An', Grab All,' says Jawnny. 'Yes, sir,' says his thrusted lootin'ant. 'About bringin' Fingy in,' says Jawnny. 'I don't care much how ye bring him in. Suit ye'er own convanience. Ye can bring him in whole or be sictions. On'y bring him in.'

"'I'll bring him in,' says Grab All. An' afther that there was peace in th' ward. Jawnny Shea always told me that killers was cowards an' th' wan thing that they were afraid iv was a good hiding. An' he give it to thim. His on'y instructions to his men in dalin' with these here frolicksome fellows that carrid guns was: 'Go an' get thim an' no quistions asked.'"

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye hear a good dale about these shooters, but ye don't see thim around this part iv th' town."

"An' ye won't," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' lady housewives iv this neighborhood wud chase thim out with mops an' dish clouts."

If you want to read a regular button buster, watch for Mr. Dooley in next week's issue of LIBERTY. He will take up the subject of eugenics.

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HERE is the investment wisdom and experience of a lifetime "boiled down" to a few invaluable pages—safe rules for placing surplus money at a good rate of income.

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Address .....

The Broken Pledge

In Which Rum Running Scores a Point or Two for Love

A Short Story by

Arthur Somers Roche

Pictures by R. P. Coleman

INTO the taxi flipped an envelope. It came, as far as Mimi Millard could tell, from the empty atmosphere. A hundred people, possibly, had been close enough to toss the missive through the window. Certainly that many people must be halted on the southeast corner of Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, waiting for the cross-town traffic to stop. Any one of them could step to the curb. Or other machines, stalled by the block in traffic, might hold an occupant who wished to communicate with her in this odd fashion.

Mimi glanced swiftly to the right and scanned the impatient crowd that milled like cattle on the curb. All in a hurry to get somewhere, all chafing at the delay imposed on them. Idly she wondered if it were possible that haste was as essential as it seemed in New York.

Suppose that a dozen of these people—suppose that a million of them—were late? Would anything vital happen? Would anyone care if these impatient ones were held back from due arrival at wherever they intended going?

She glanced now to the left. Beside her was an open car. Ahead of it, slightly, was a limousine whose windows were curtained. Behind she saw, by craning her neck, a taxicab like her own. But no one stared at her; no one was interested.

Perhaps—and the thought made her smile—this was a new form of advertising. New York notoriously responded to anything hinting at mystery, adventure. Arouse New York's curiosity, and your sale—of anything—was more than half completed.

It was characteristic of Mimi that she should, before leaning over and picking up the envelope, look around her, try to decide whence and from whom it had come; that she should speculate on its purport. For all her soft beauty, she was steel-muscled and hard-headed. She would leap—oh, yes, that was a Millard failing—but she would look first.

"Think it wise?" drawled a voice from the woods. Mimi wheeled away from Tim and stared into the impenetrable blackness.

"Millard," the envelope's inscription read. That was all; no courteous "Miss," no first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sometimes . . . remembering is dangerous

Sorry that he met a beautiful girl? How can a man ever regret such a pleasure? How can he want to forget it?

It can happen! And perhaps there is no keener disappointment to a man than this very thing.

To admire a girl's beauty, to want to know her. Then to meet her—and have nearness bring disillusionment!

And always, afterward, when he thinks of her, he remembers only this one thing. He forgets her beauty—but he can't forget that she failed to live up to his ideal of her!

The smart woman never neglects one fundamental personal appeal. She is ever on the alert against that disastrous thing which can so quickly turn masculine admiration into disgust.

If soap and water alone could keep you from offending with the deadly odor of underarm perspiration and the ugly stains of moisture, few people would offend.

But ordinary cleanliness has no effect on perspiration. No make-shift, temporary measures will do. Only a scientifically formulated corrective can control it.

The one corrective which millions of people have found they can really depend upon is Odorono, the Underarm Toilette. A dainty, antiseptic toilet water, so easy and pleasant to use!

Odorono is a physician's prescription. It is widely used in hospitals by nurses and doctors who recognize its scientific character and sure effectiveness.

Just use Odorono twice a week—and you'll enjoy a new safe sense of assurance. No more embarrassing wet streaks under the arm or across the back; no more ruinous stains which expert dry cleaning can't take out.

And even more important to your self-respect—no unconscious offending with repellent odor!

Don't run the risk of ever having an unlovely odor associated with your person! Be safe—with Odorono twice a week. Get a bottle now, at any toilet counter, 35c, 60c and $1, or sent by mail postpaid.

THE ODORONO COMPANY,
326-A Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Canadian Address, 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada

RUTH MILLER
326-A Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.
Name .....
Address .....

NOTE: If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional.

[THE BROKEN PLEDGE
Continued from Page Forty-one]

name. And it was scrawled in pencil, this one word; also, the envelope was grimy, crumpled, as if handled much and then carried in a pocket along with other things.

And now a quick and ghastly suspicion, a suspicion that was really certainty, leaped into her mind.

That appearance of calm speculation which so belied her real character fell away from her as draperies from a dancer as she enters into the final dizzy phase.

She tore open the envelope. In the same scrawled handwriting she read the note within:

> Will call this aft at five don't have no one there be sure Tim.

That was all. But oh, it was enough! Mimi glanced at her wrist watch. It was now four. There was still time, before the sender of this missive should arrive, to complete certain errands. But she shook her head, leaned forward, and ordered the driver to take her home.

So Tim, out of that void into which he had disappeared one Florida morning, had returned! Returned in mystery, in furtive secrecy, and with a hint of threat, or at least danger, in his return. And if her thoughts had needed impelling, the message from Tim sent those thoughts hurtling toward Peters Crandall.

For Mimi Millard was in love. Rockets burst stunningly in mid-air; rainbows kissed the far horizon; apple blossoms dusted greeny lawns. Sales-persons anticipated her wishes, cunningly instilled wishes into her receptive mind.

At Henri's, during the luncheon hour, folk craned their necks to stare at her. A news-reel movie had caught her on Park Avenue one morning, and crowded houses everywhere buzzed with approval of her beauty and of the romance that enveloped her.

She was a country's heroine, its pet bride. For there hadn't been an important international wedding for a long time; no Astor or Vanderbilt had been married lately. And here was a girl of undisputed social position, presumable wealth, recognized beauty, and proved bravery who was to marry a young chap who equaled three of her qualifications with his own, and for the missing one—beauty—provided a football record that served as well.

That morning's issue of the *Daily Record* had told some of the circumstances surrounding their romance.

> It will be recalled [the item said] that Miss Millard and Crandall met in Florida last winter, where Crandall was engaged in an effort to avenge the death of a friend. The latter had fallen into evil ways and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Especially designed for portable motors

If you want a swift, economical, light power-boat, get a Square Stern "Old Town Canoe" and equip it with a portable motor. You'll be delighted at the speed that can be developed.

"Old Town" Square Stern Canoes are steady and strong. They are remarkably easy to handle too. Made with or without sponsons (air chambers).

The 1926 catalog is illustrated with all models in full colors. It gives prices and complete information. Write for your free copy today. Old Town Canoe Company, 1606 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

Something DIFFERENT *for Bobbed Hair*

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

had been killed in a bootleggers' feud. Crandall, who had been deputized as a special prohibition agent, surprised a gang of rum runners in the act of landing a cargo early one morning, and was shot. He might have been murdered if it had not been for the intervention of Miss Millard, who was taking an early stroll on the beach. Her appearance and intervention in Crandall's behalf caused the bootleggers to take flight, leaving Crandall seriously wounded.

While all that the *Record* said about Crandall was true enough, it left many of the circumstances of the episode unrevealed. It was not true, for example, that Mimi had been out for an early-morning walk.

Instead, she had been the companion of the bootleggers, had been the partner of Tim, their leader. In desperate and immediate need of $10,000 in cash to save her sister from the consequences of folly, Mimi had accepted the money from Tim, and had agreed in return to permit 2,000 cases of champagne, all told, to be landed at her Palm Beach villa.

The shooting of Crandall had saved Mimi the necessity of going through her part of the contract.

Crandall knew all about this; but, if anything, the girl's daring had only enhanced her charm for him. And she'd saved his life.

Anyway, Crandall forgave her, exacting from her a pledge that she'd indulge in no more violations of the law. And inasmuch as Tim himself had told her that rum running in Florida was dead, and inasmuch, further, as she was prepared to return Tim's advance on demand, Mimi had no hesitation in giving the required pledge.

ALL the way home, and afterward, seated in her pretty living-room in her Park Avenue flat, Mimi's mind, like some uncontrollable airplane, danced hither and thither, thinking of Peters, of Tim, of the newspapers, and of what the newspapers didn't know.

How fortunate that the *Record* knew nothing of the identity of Tim—the gleaming-teethed Tim who ran rum from the Bahamas to Florida, who shot Federal officers without hesitation, and who thought Mimi Millard was as game as they come.

And what a darling Peters was! Himself as keen an observer of laws as of morals, he had no criticism for her. Indeed, he had even strained the truth in his explanation to his superiors in the enforcement service of the fight wherein he was wounded.

"A man," he said, "who can't lie a bit for the girl he loves isn't much of a man."

"But you didn't love me when you lied for me, Peters," Mimi had protested.

"Twenty years before I met you I loved you," he had told her. "I've loved you always."

Oh, besides that deadly vindictiveness which had made him leave his law practice to revenge an unworthy friend, Crandall had other traits. He could say sweet nothings, and repeat them over and over.

He had brains, too. He'd go a long way in his career. And he was gentle, and understanding, and gay.

And now, with her wedding scheduled for St. Thomas' tomorrow, Mimi's blood seemed to chill as she perused, over and over, Tim's illiterate scrawl.

On the minute at 5 o'clock her maid Celestine tiptoed into the room. Her olive southern French face was white and frightened.

"That mans—ze man Teem—from Florida——"

The color drained from Mimi's face; then it rushed back in a crimson wave.

"Send him in, Celestine," she ordered.

Her voice broke in a perfectly natural laugh, and the French maid giggled nervously. Evidently, thought Celestine, there was nothing to affright one in the visit of Tim.

Mimi turned to a mirror. Tim was an outlaw, a murderous outlaw, as events had proved, but—he was a man. And on this, the day before her wedding, Mimi was conscious of any man. She touched her black bobbed hair, ran a lipstick over her mouth.

Seen at dead of mysterious night, with only the gleam of a match to illumine his swarthy face, or seen at dawn with a smoking revolver in his hand and the blaze of murder in his black eyes, Tim was a personality, a somebody, an identity. But in a Park Avenue apartment Tim had lost his romantic touch. He remained merely dangerous.

"Pleased to see you, Miss Millard," he said.

Mimi nodded a greeting. She would have offered Tim the rum runner, Tim the buccaneer, Tim the would-be killer, her hand. But this Tim inspired only a vague dread.

"Been tryin' to see you fer a month, Miss Millard," said her visitor.

Mimi's eyes widened. "But my name and address are in the telephone book, Tim."

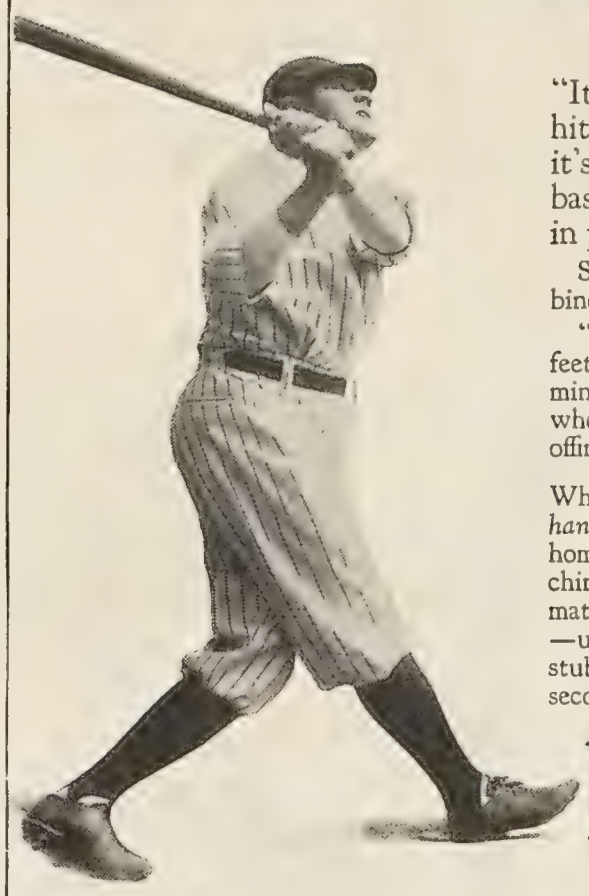
He grinned. "Yeah, I know all that, Miss Millard. But my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..

BABE RUTH'S *Home Run Feet*



"It isn't always the length of the hit that scores the run. Sometimes it's the speed in getting around the bases. So I have to keep my feet in prime shape."

So writes Babe Ruth—the famous "Bambino" of the New York Yankees.

"Ball players are prone to corns. Our feet get pretty rough service. But I keep mine free of corns by putting on a Blue-jay whenever a potential corn appears in the offing."

When trouble is *a-foot*—have Blue-jay at *hand!* For 26 years it has been the standard home corn-remover. Ask your physician or chiropodist. Blue-jay goes to the root of the matter and routs the troublesome offender—usually in 48 hours. But even the most stubborn corn seldom needs more than a second Blue-jay plaster. At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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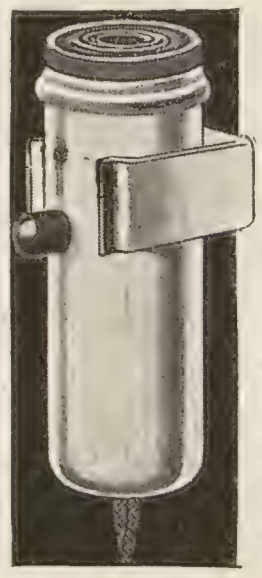
only $1 for Auto or Radio

NOW

YOU can have an Electric Cigar Lighter, giving you the same convenience as the most expensive cars, for only $1.00.

Beautifully nickel plated—mounts in spring clip—easily attached—no holes to drill—plugs in dash socket or connects direct to battery wires—6 or 12 volt—Nichrome wire unit will last for years—press button for quick light even in strongest wind. Hot Spot also attaches to "A" Battery Terminals of your radio in one minute—gives you a home lighter.



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Mail coupon quick for facts. Save time, send $1 for demonstrator and sales plan. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Act quick! Don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

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Send one Hot Spot, post paid and complete Premier Sales Plan. I enclose $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City .....State.....

[THE BROKEN PLEDGE
Continued from Page Forty-three]

name and description is in the memory of every cop in town, Miss Millard. I usta live in this burg, you know. And it might mean a promotion for the bull that landed me. I hadda feel my way—be sure no one was expectin' me to be in town—and as for phonin' you—nix! What I had to say I wouldn't trust to no telephone. So I tossed you that note today. For a week I been trailin' you, waitin' the right time."

"Yes?" Her voice was faint. She felt a sudden fierce hatred for him. She had a momentary regret that, when she had leveled a revolver at him and made him spare the life of Peters Crandall, she had not pulled the trigger.

"You see," said Tim, "there's damn near two thousand cases that we paid you for landing——"

"Of course." Mimi smiled. She felt sudden relief. "You paid me in advance and I haven't delivered. Had I known where to find you—but you're here now, aren't you? Well," and she moved rapidly to a writing-desk, "we'll straighten accounts now. And—er—suppose I return all of the ten thousand? I—I'd rather not feel that—that I'd taken anything from you."

"You earned twelve fifty," said Tim. "We landed two hundred and fifty cases at five a throw. And that ain't all. Never mind writing that check. I told you I might need you again. Well, I do. Florida ain't the only place to land booze. There's Long Island—and Connecticut. And in Connecticut you got the sweetest little cove——"

Mimi essayed a laugh that sounded feebly in the suddenly close room.

"No, Tim; I'm all through. Take your money and—get someone else."

"Is that so? I suppose you'll name the someone else for me, eh?" he sneered.

"No, I'm afraid I can't," she replied.

SHE attempted again to laugh, but broke her mirth off shortly, so hollow and frightened did it sound, even to her own ears.

"I'll say you can't," said Tim. "And if you did name someone would they have a summer place right on the Sound, with deep water to within twenty yards of shore even at low tide, and with a seventy-foot dock? Naw, Miss Millard; it's got to be you or else nobody."

"Then, though I'm sorry to say so, Tim, it must be nobody."

He eyed her cunningly. "You're sorry, eh? Bein' sorry gets me a long way, doesn't it? Well, maybe you'll be a darned sight sorrier when the papers spill the real dope on you saving Crandall down in Palm Beach!"

She shook her head smilingly. It was not a merry smile, and there was no humor in the cool gray eyes, but it spoke of determination more loudly than bluster ever could have spoken.

"A little blackmail, eh, Tim? But it won't do. Oh, Tim, I'm disappointed in you! I didn't think—you were this kind."

"You didn't, eh? Well, it's an even break, then, because I didn't think you were the kind you're being right now."

"But I'll repay your money——"

He interrupted her savagely:

"What the hell is ten grand when I got a

THE bootlegger glared at her. "Well, the newspapers don't know all about him, do they?"

crack at a hundred? I didn't *lend* you the dough, Miss Millard. I paid in advance for what you were going to do!"

"And, being unable to do it, I return the money," said Mimi. "That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"I mighta known that a society dame would turn yellow when it came to a pinch," sneered Tim. "Fair? What do you mean fair? I paid—for services. Paid you in advance. Gave you the dough when you just rent me that dump of yours out near Stamford. See? No one dreams that folks that will rent Miss Mimi Millard's house are running in liquor. Y'ain't got a thing to do. And we'll forget the ten grand. You'll have earned it all by the time you get back from your honeymoon. That ain't much to ask, is it?"

She shook her head. "More than I can grant, Tim."

"Is tha-at so?" he snarled. "Well, let's see if it is. Suppose I blow right down to this guy Crandall's office and tell him the low-down on you. How'd you like that?"

She shook her head again. "He knows all about it, Tim."

THE bootlegger glared at her. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Well, the newspapers don't know all about *him*, do they? You may be game enough to stand for me blowing the works about yourself, but what about Crandall? Suppose I send out the word—don't worry; I can get it printed; papers love this sort of dope—that Crandall knew you were my partner and didn't come through with the info to his chiefs? What about that, eh?

"Not so good, what? A lot of saps might give him the glad hand and holler that he was a noble lad and the like of that. But the Government, good old Uncle Sam, don't care a hoot for heroes when they double-cross the old uncle. If he didn't do a stretch in stir, you can bet Calaris against a plater that he'll have his fine young law business all shot to pieces, and that he'll never get much of any place the rest of his life. How do you like them apples?"

Mimi still smiled, but it was a fixed, meaningless grin. "They aren't very good apples, Tim," she said.

"I thought not," he chuckled. "All red and rosy on top, but kinda worm-eaten inside, hey? Well, they're the identical apples your sweetie's going to chew, and don't let anyone tell you different, Miss Millard."

He nodded emphatically, and, asking no permission, lighted a cigarette and puffed it.

The smile on Mimi's lips became cynical now. The wages of sin were death; but there were other wages paid earlier. The immediate wages of sin were more sins. What a silly thing she'd been, to think that she could step into the greasy pool of crime and bear no traces on her person or garments!

WELL, she was beaten. She'd thought she could conquer Tim, and he had conquered her. Very well; she'd take her medicine with apparent cheerfulness, anyway.

"You win, Tim," she said. "What's next?"

"Atta girl," said Tim. His threatening manner dropped away from him as casually as ash dropped from the tip of his cigarette.

"And listen: I ain't going to ask so much of you, at that. One landing, that's all."

"But—a couple of thousand cases of champagne— What sort of boat have you? You couldn't get that size craft into the cove at my place."

Tim winked at her. He was pleasant, ingratiating, now. "Never mind that, Miss Millard. Nobody said anything about the number of cases, did they?"

"But you just said you wanted to rent my house while I was gone," said Mimi.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Suppose I did? I was feeling my way with you. But now that you've come through, like the ace you are, why—there'll be one landing and that's all. We don't want to rent your place at all. We just want to use it tonight and in the early morning."

"Tonight?" she echoed.

"Uh-huh. I didn't come to see you until things was all readied up. But our boat has slipped safely into the Sound; it'll pass Bridgeport during the night, and'll be in your cove, near Stamford, before dawn. We'll rustle the stuff ashore, onto some trucks. It's a swell place you have, secluded, quiet, no one to see anything, and only a couple of hours by motor from New York."

"But I don't see why you first said you'd want the house while I was away," she protested.

"What difference does it make?" he demanded. "If I could get you to agree to plenty, then you'd be glad at doing little. Am I right? But let's not waste time over nothing. How soon can you get out to your place, and what servants you got there?"

"You want me there?" she asked.

"Well, a-course. There's local constabules and other hicks prowling around out there, ain't there? But if *you're* in the house—no questions asked, eh? And, to make it look good, better bring a servant or two. Those dago dames you had down South—they can close the old traps tight. Still got 'em?"

She nodded assent.

"Then it's settled. Sorry we hadda get mussy in our talk, but it's all forgot, ain't it? And remember—this is on the square—not another demand out of me—*ever!*"

it meant plenty to you, all right. There wasn't any talk then about you handing the ten grand back if you changed your mind. You agreed to do certain things. Now I want you to do them."

"And I refuse. The incident is closed; the discussion is ended," declared Mimi. "Will you take a check or do you want cash?"

Tim's manner, from contemptuous arrogance, changed to conciliation.

"Say, there's no need to get steamed up, either of us," he said. "Let's talk this over. Tomorrow you're going to get married. Good, game guy, this Crandall, too. Why, if it hadn't been for me you'd probably never met him. You owe me plenty, when you think it over, Miss Millard—even the husband you've copped.

"But you're going on a honeymoon, ain't you? Sure you are. Well, while you're gone

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FADA Radio

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THE safe way to buy a radio is to compare one set with another until you find the one you like best.

Then you won't be disappointed. That's sense.

We suggest that you compare the New 1926 Fada Neutrolette at $85 with other good sets costing two and three times as much.

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And why not send for our complimentary book?

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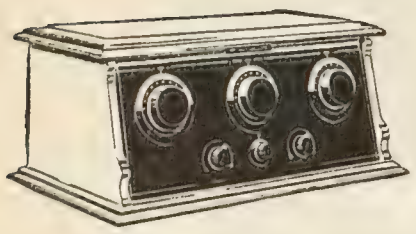

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

First impressions are lasting..... steps cleaned with Kitchen Klenzer are impressively clean.

[THE BROKEN PLEDGE Continued from Page Forty-five]

But half an hour after he left Mimi arrived at the only possible conclusion: Tim could not be trusted. Whenever the need arose he'd make demands upon her. There'd be the same threat of exposure of Crandall, and to that threat she'd succumb. As long as Tim lived, or was engaged in rum running, she'd be virtually his slave. And Tim's friends and accomplices—if Tim dropped out they'd step in, with the same threats.

Well, there was only one thing to do. She'd given Peters Crandall her word that she'd never do this sort of thing again. For his sake, to save him from exposure, her word must be broken. But he must not know that, must not know that she endured sacrifice for him. Otherwise he'd make public confession that he had shielded her, and—oh, it was all too involved, too frightening!

AT the desk where she had started to write a check for Tim, she wrote a brief note to Crandall.

"I'm sorry," she wrote, "to be vulgar enough to jilt you virtually at the altar. But I don't love you and there could be no happiness in our marriage. Will you notify the press that our marriage is not to take place?"

She signed herself as his sincerely—self-mockery in her eyes as she committed the banality. Then, telephoning for a messenger boy, she summoned Lucrezia and Celestine, her invaluable servants. To them, whose love and loyalty were unquestioned, she told of Tim's visit. Less than ten minutes after the messenger had departed for Crandall's office, she was at the wheel of her touring car, with the servants in the tonneau, bowling north toward the Post Road.

The little cottage, set amid the pines and perched high upon an outcropping of rock, was damp and chill when they arrived, two hours later. But Lucrezia built a fire in the kitchen stove, and Celestine lighted a blaze in an open fireplace. Within an hour the place was cheerful.

In her own room, looking out upon the Sound, Mimi gave way to tears. Crandall had agreed to the unusual. He had told her that she could select the place to spend the honeymoon, and she had planned to sail to Nova Scotia, to try the early trout fishing. Instead she would hide herself here—try to forget that love had come and gone away.

But tears didn't help. She'd made her bed, and the graceful thing was to lie in it without tossing and whining. She ate a light supper of things hastily purchased on the way through Stam-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

ford, and set herself to the business of waiting.

The spring shadows lengthened; the sun set and a moonless night obliterated the dancing waters of the Sound. There were no stars, and the occasional lights of a Sound steamer, miles out, seemed forlorn instead of cheerful.

And then, after the mantel clock had struck one and while Celestine and Lucrezia dozed in chairs, a light glimmered for a mere fraction of a second out in the darkness. It gleamed a second and a third time. Mimi snatched up an electric torch and hastened to the end of her dock. It was like that other night at Palm Beach, when Tim had first entered into her scheme of things.

ONLY, on that occasion there had seemed something piratically romantic about the affair. Tonight the business was drab, sordid, meanly inspired. But she'd go through with it.

She flashed her torch three times, as Tim had counseled her; the signal was returned, and she heard the chug-chug of a muffled motor. Five minutes later Tim was on the dock.

"Went out in a small boat from Norwalk and got aboard," he announced. "Well, everything's jake. Trucks will be here in half an hour. Get the stuff ashore, fellers."

SHE scanned the impatient crowd that milled like cattle on the curb.

"Think it wise?" drawled a voice from the woods that came to the water's edge.

Mimi wheeled away from Tim and stared into the impenetrable blackness of the night. For it was Crandall's voice—and what was Crandall doing here?

"The double cross, eh?" snarled Tim. "Well, by——"

"Take it easy, Tim," said Crandall. "There are two cutters at the mouth of the cove. I've ten men back in the woods, waiting for a signal from me. A shot will bring them down here."

"And that shot'll be fired into the girl!" cried Tim.

"You don't mean that, Tim," said Crandall easily. "Jail is bad, but the electric chair is worse—or I think they hang in Connecticut. A harsh, choking rope, Tim. Not so good, eh?"

"I'll never—" Tim blustered.

"Of course you won't. But, Tim, the boats, the crews, the men on shore—they're looking for *liquor*, Tim. That's all—*liquor*. Two years in jail—that's not much. That's all they'd give you for running in liquor. But other things, Tim, other things——"

"Say, come out here—where I can see you!" cried Tim.

But it was not the cry of bluster, of defiance; it was the cry of a cornered, frightened rat-man.

"Why not?" asked Crandall airily.

A shadow detached itself from the deep black of the woods, came nearer. Eyes and teeth flashed faintly.

"For two cents—" muttered Tim.

Crandall paused near the edge of the dock.

"Don't be silly, Tim. Let the liquor remain where it is. But *dump the other stuff overboard.* Quick. They'll not look for it; they don't know about it. And, Tim, they never will know about it—*unless you talk.* About Miss Millard. About anybody. Get it?"

Mimi saw Tim wheel. "Overboard with it, fellers," he said. "Let it go!"

He turned back toward Crandall. "Oh, some day, Crandall, I'll get jake with you."

"Fair enough," said Crandall. "But not with words, Tim. Remember that! One word about Miss Millard——"

"Nobody'll squeal," said Tim sullenly. "Well, holler for your coppers."

Boxes—not very large ones, guessed Mimi in the gloom—splashed overside.

"All set?" asked Crandall.

"Let 'em come," grunted Tim.

"And, by the way," added Crandall, "your defense lawyer will probably be glad to know that you have a check for ten thousand dollars waiting for you."

In half a dozen automobiles, captives and captors had driven away. Before the blazing logs in the living-room fireplace sat Mimi and Peters Crandall.

"I think," said Crandall, "you'd better spend the night here. But don't oversleep. Nothing so ghastly as a bride that's late, you know."

"But I broke my pledge to you," said Mimi. "And what," she asked, "was in those boxes—the ones they threw overboard? And how did you know about it? And where we were?"

"I'VE not lost touch with the Treasury people since I finished my job with them," he replied. "Only the other day one of them, at luncheon with me, said that our friend Tim was strongly suspected of having turned his activities to the smuggling of dope."

"Drugs?" gasped Mimi.

"Opium, heroin, cocaine—nice party, our tiny Tim. Well, your note came to me this afternoon. I rang you up—no answer. I hopped in a taxi and went to your apartment. No one in. So I questioned the elevator boys and the telephone girl downstairs. Learned that a swarthy, too loudly dressed man had called on you this afternoon. As nearly as I could figure it, he must have called just before you sent me my conge.

"Well, the doorman told me you'd driven off in your own touring car, with your maids. I could guess that you'd gone to Stamford. Certainly, if Tim wanted to run anything in—and it was Tim, I was certain, who'd called on you—your place out here would be ideal.

"Two and two are easy to add. Tim demanded your aid, and wouldn't take his money back. Probably threatened to expose you—and me too. So you felt you must break your pledge—for my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BROKEN PLEDGE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

sake. Am I right? Good girl! And, having broken your word, you'd also break your word to marry me.

"So I called up certain important people in the Federal Service. Offered to deliver Tim—on conditions. They could have him for running liquor, which would stop any other activities, but only if they promised to pay no attention to any remarks he might make about other people. That meant you. They agreed.

"But in order to keep Tim quiet—I didn't want him talking to newspaper men—I didn't tell him that he was to be prosecuted for running rum only. I let him think he was in for smuggling drugs. And he'll keep quiet. He'll be glad to.

"So—that's that. And now, young woman, it's time I departed. The sharp tongue of scandal will roll our names around unless I go."

"I wonder," said Mimi, "if you'll always forgive me as readily as you do now?"

"I shouldn't wonder," he laughed. "Don't keep me waiting at the church."

She didn't. It was, everyone agreed, one of the prettiest weddings ever held at St. Thomas'.

THE END

A Pet Antipathy

THERE are plenty of guys whom I mildly despise;
There are some 'tis a pleasure to hate;
There are those I would save from a watery grave
Just to use them as cuttlefish bait.
Yet when somebody brings me the spick-and-span things
From the package the laundry returns,
Lo, my peeve rises high as the star-spangled sky,
And my anger like Tophet-fire burns.

There are pins in my shirt where they're surest to hurt—
Many pins where there's never a need;
And my sleeveless beevees that descend to my knees—
Are they buttoned clear up? Yes, indeed!
So I stand and unfasten while moments are passin'
Just so I can fasten again.
Small wonder the moron I'm constantly sore on
Is this most retarding of men.

Yea, the chief of all squirts that's deserving of hurts
With axes and snickersnees
Is the slave who inserts all those pins in my shirts
And buttons my beeveedees!

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Makes your blade smooth and keen for delightful shaving.

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The James Stropper "Sharpens Your Blades"

Great Fellows — These GOLFERS

Photo Edwin Levick

CHICK EVANS, one of America's foremost amateurs, driving off the eighth tee at Engineers' in 1920. Ouimet in the background.

Inside Dope on Famous Champions of the Fairway

By

FRANCIS OUIMET

AMONG his fellow players and with the American public, Francis Ouimet is probably the most popular golfer who ever swung a club. He has courage, brilliance, and modesty. He's a good sport and everyone who has ever played with him is glad to attest the fact.

He acquired his game in a difficult school. Starting when he was ten years old on a cow pasture near his home at Brookline, Massachusetts, he did wonders with battered balls and salvaged clubs.

He was chased from the fairways of the country club until he finally became a caddie.

He was jeered at by companions who deemed golf a sissy game. Yet at fifteen he made a good showing in an interscholastic tournament in Boston, and at nineteen he was American Open champion after defeating the best of this country's golfers and two great British players, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray.

Later Ouimet won the Amateur championship. Throughout his entire career he has been among the country's greatest players. This year he will go abroad with the American Walker Cup team.

PART SIX

OF OUIMET'S OWN STORY OF HIS GOLF LIFE

JERRY TRAVERS, Chick Evans, and I decided to go gunning for the Open title in 1915. There was a lot of speculation about the event. I had won it two years previously, while Chick had been but a stroke away from Hagen the year before. The pair of us were favorites, while nobody figured Travers. He had never been much of a medal player. Jerry, forgotten in the shuffle, proceeded to win the crown, beating Tom McNamara

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why Golf Balls Duck and Wobble

Tricks on the green, sudden ducking from the tee, freakish slices and other queer antics can usually be attributed to an unbalanced or misplaced core.

As long ago as 1919, Wilson Golf Balls were subjected to X-ray tests and ever since the cores of Wilson Golf Balls have been balanced and centrally placed.

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[GREAT FELLOWS—THESE GOLFERS Continued from Page Forty-nine]

by a single stroke. This was played at Baltusrol, and Travers gave an exhibition of putting and approaching that has never been equaled. Chick and I were nowhere.

The Amateur that year was played at Detroit, and was the heaviest gambling golf tournament I've known. There were pools and all sorts of crazy bets. The Big Three, as Chick, Jerry, and I were called, were nominated to grab off the title, but nary a one of us survived the second round. Bob Gardner won it, beating John Anderson in the final.

At this time I was preparing to open a sporting-goods store in Boston. I had gone into partnership with Jack Sullivan, my brother-in-law, and everything was ready for the new business to start in January, 1916. Then the Golf Association handed down a ruling that no amateur could capitalize his ability, and informed me that I was out of competition. I wasn't a pro; just couldn't play in amateur events. That started a long squabble, which didn't end until late the next year.

AN eventful year was 1916. It brought forth the greatest of all American golfers—Bobby Jones. Bobby, at the tender age of fourteen, not only qualified in the Amateur, but won his first two matches. It saw Chick Evans come into his own, after a long struggle up around the crest, and win both big American titles—the Open at Minneapolis and the Amateur at Merion.

The battle over my standing was still going on when I was invited to play in the Western Amateur in 1917. The United States had officially entered the war and the big title events were called off. All the money taken in at tourneys went to the Red Cross, and I felt perfectly justified in forgetting the association and playing. I won that title and enjoyed the exhilaration of getting back into competition.

I put in the rest of the summer at Red Cross matches. In one match with Mike Brady, professional then at Oakley, he led me six up after thirty-six holes on his home course. When we moved to my club, Woodlawn, he clung to his lead in the morning round, but I overhauled him in the afternoon and squared the match on the home green. I won the playoff.

I joined the army that fall and was sent to Camp Devens. Little incidentals such as the manual of arms took my attention from golf until I was mustered out in 1919. A severe attack of pneumonia nearly finished me; but I pulled through, and returned to golf in the spring of 1920.

I TRIED out in the Massahcusetts Amateur and won it, beating Guilford in the final round. My sickness hadn't affected my game, so I entered the National Amateur at Pittsburgh. Just before I left for that event, I accomplished the ambition of every golfer—played a perfect round. It was over the Winchester course, a long baby with a tough par of 72. I made it in 66, never making a single mistake. My old friend Tom Logan was with me that day, and he invited Mrs. Ouimet and me to accompany him and his wife to Pittsburgh by automobile.

On the way to Pennsylvania, I stopped to play an exhibition at Shennecossett in New London, and was so sick that I had to quit after eighteen holes. I had a high fever and tonsillitis. The doctor and my wife urged me to go back to Boston, but I wouldn't have it. I was going to play golf. That fever stuck with me through a week at the Oakmont Club, but it didn't hurt my game. I was so ill on qualifying day that I hoped I wouldn't get in, but I did. During my first match, with Ed Cleary of Philadelphia, I was caught in a deluge and collected a fine case of chills. I had to be put to bed in the clubhouse.

Even then I didn't know enough to stop. I figured that I had put Cleary out, and in justice to him must go on. I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard that my next opponent would be Chick Evans. Surely, I thought, he would beat me. Then I could be an invalid as long as I wanted. I was ready to concede defeat, but Jerry Travers snapped me out of it. The night before the match he came to my room. He was always straight from the shoulder.

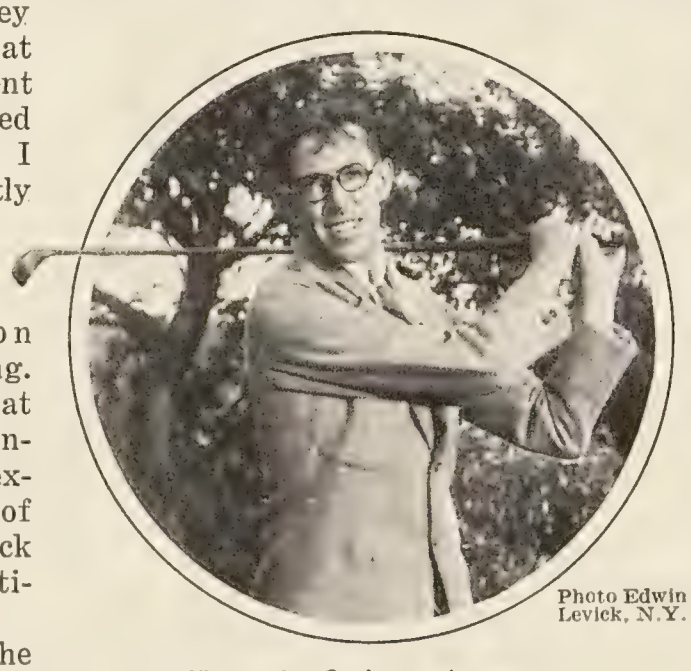

Photo Edwin Levick, N.Y.

Francis Ouimet in 1925

"Do you think," he asked me, "that you can walk around thirty-six holes tomorrow?"

"I guess so," I replied.

"Do you know?" he persisted.

"Why?" I inquired, naturally curious.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Four Raises in Two Years"

"AND it hasn't been hard to get them, either. Why, it seems only yesterday that I was wondering if I would ever make as much as $45 a week. And now I'm making $75.

"Tom Dawson was speaking about it today. 'Gee,' he said, 'I wish I had started studying with the I. C. S. when you did. Here I am plugging away at the same old job and the same old salary while you've gone 'way up. I bet you're making twice as much as I am. And to think that two years ago we were working side by side.'

"I told him it wasn't too late if he would only make the start, and he said he was going to send in one of those I. C. S. coupons right away.

"I hope he does, because an I. C. S. course is the very thing he needs to get out of the rut. I wouldn't be making anywhere near $75 a week if I hadn't started to study just when I did."

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An I. C. S. course helped Jesse G. Vincent to rise from tool-maker to Vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company. It helped George Grieble to rise from a stone-mason to the owner of a business paying $12,000 a year. It helped Bert S. Remaley to increase his salary **ten times.** And it will help you too, if you will only make the start.

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Crawford Ave. at 18th Street Chicago, Ill.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

"Because if you can," he popped, "I want to bet a thousand dollars on you."

Jerry did bet that thousand, and the knowledge of it kept me going in the match with Evans, which has been referred to as the greatest battle in the history of American golf. I went without breakfast (was too sick to eat), but my golf was good. Chick led me a hole most of the morning round, but I squared things by dropping a twenty-foot putt on the eighteenth green. I had to pass up lunch, but inveigled Linde Fowler, a Boston correspondent, to carry some oranges around in the afternoon, so that I could sip the juice.

Francis Ouimet and Jesse Guilford in an international at the Woodlawn Golf Club

My golf was inspired for a while in that final eighteen. I had five threes in the first eight holes, three of them birdies. Evans, shooting par golf, was three down. He beat me on the ninth, where I slipped back to a six, and thereafter it was just a case of hanging on.

EVANS, playing a grand game, squared things on the thirteenth, and we halved the next four. We registered birdies on the seventeenth and came to the last tee all even. We both hit fine tee shots and poor seconds. I had gone through a trap to the right, and Chick was just off the edge. Our balls were almost equidistant from the cup, and Bill Fownes had to do some measuring before my play.

Now I had run through the sand of the trap and had a perfectly simple shot. But to the crowd it appeared I was in trouble, and when I tossed a mashie niblick five feet from the pin, there was a great cheer. Evans tried to chip with an iron, ran past twenty feet, and was beaten when I dropped my five-footer.

I was carried back to bed, there was another inquest, but I won an acrimonious debate. I played Woodie Platt the next day, squared the match, after being four down and five to play, and was beaten on the second extra hole, which was played in a rip-roaring thunderstorm and hurricane. Dave Herron won that title, beating Bobby Jones in the final. But the youngster from Atlanta was rushing to the front. Here he was in the finals, in his second national tournament.

Jones has the perfect poise and temperament for golf. He has been brought up with the game. There's no reason why he should not win countless championships.

Walter Travis is the only American who has been able to win the English Amateur title, though our pros have taken the Open several times. Walter snatched it away back in 1911, and the Britons, who can fight on their courses, have tossed back some stiff invasions since that time. Perhaps we can win it this year. Bobby Jones on his one trip was inexperienced. His game hadn't been perfected. He will show the cousins next time.

So also will George von Elm, a young man who is about ready to step up and take some crown away from somebody. George is a master player.

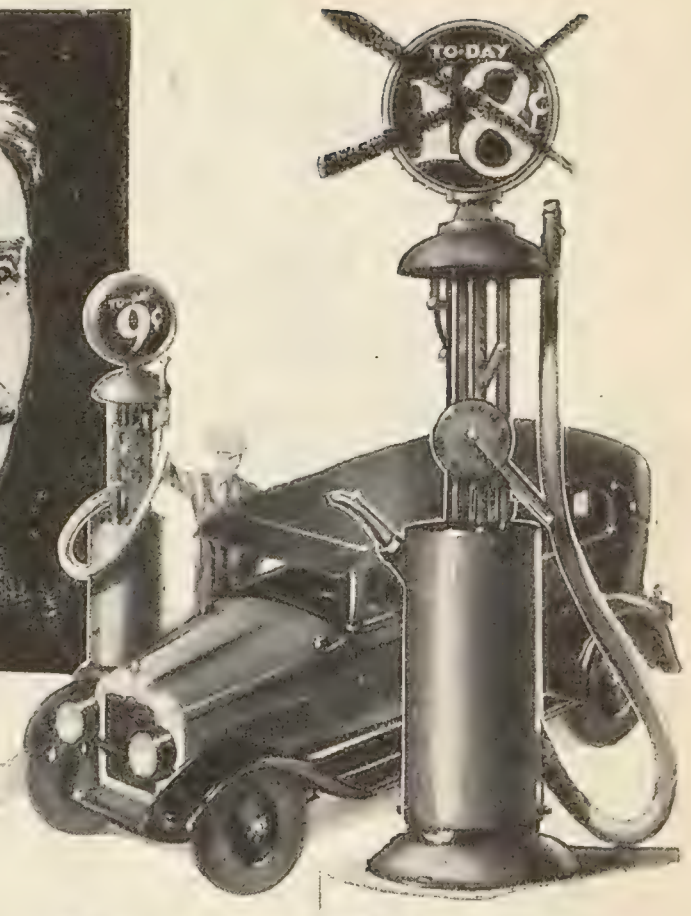
The last five years have seen great golfers come up by the scores. One of the most remarkable is Jess Sweetser, the Yale student who came to Brookline in 1922 and swept everything before him. What golfer would gamble much on himself if he had to face Willie Hunter, Jesse Guilford, Bobby Jones, and Chick Evans in order? That was what Sweetser did, and he beat every one of them by good margins. And he proved it wasn't a flash by going out the next year, working into the finals at Flossmoor, and only passing out after a great thirty-eight-hole match with Max Marston. Getting a title grows harder with the succeeding years, but the good ones manage to squeeze in sooner or later.

PERHAPS the most colorful personality that golf has developed in this country is Walter Hagen, twice winner of the American Open and double victor in the British event of the same nature. He is the showman of the game, and will always give you a run for your money. He is coldly calm in a match, and he seems to be in his element when the going is toughest.

His concentration is remarkable. He's so intent on studying his own game in close matches that he has been accused of grand-standing, of being intentionally deliberate. But that isn't the case. There is not a better or fairer sportsman

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mr. J. A. Stransky of Pukwana, South Dakota, several years ago invented the wonderful little device which made it possible for an auto to go 61 miles on a gallon of gasoline! Since that time he has built up an immense business, shipping Stransky vaporizers to all parts of the civilized world.



Inventor Cuts Gasoline to 9¢ a GALLON

Now you can cut your gasoline cost as low as 9c a gallon. An amazing new invention makes practically any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon. Many run from 37 to 57 miles and up to 61 miles a gallon. This wonderful invention is the work of Mr. J. A. Stransky of Pukwana, South Dakota. Already it is being used by over a million satisfied car owners—on all makes and models of cars. And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk. Read his offer below.

Earn $250 to $500 a Month!

HERE is one of the biggest inventions of the century—an invention almost as revolutionary as the invention of the auto itself. This wonderful little device adds more power and mileage to a motor, reduces spark plug trouble, prevents over-heating, makes engine start easier, and prolongs life of motor—and it's making fortunes for agents and distributors. You can easily earn astonishing big profits in full or spare time—many are earning $250 to $500 a month!

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To introduce this new invention Mr. Stransky, the inventor, will send a sample at his own risk. Write him at once for his proposition.

You can earn big money just telling your friends about this startling new device—in your spare or full time. J. M. James made $120 in one day. Vernon Gaines netted $94 in eight hours. The demand is enormous. Every auto owner in the country—and there are 20 million of them—wants this splendid little device the instant he sees it. Just send the coupon for full details of our introductory sample offer. Mail it right now—today.

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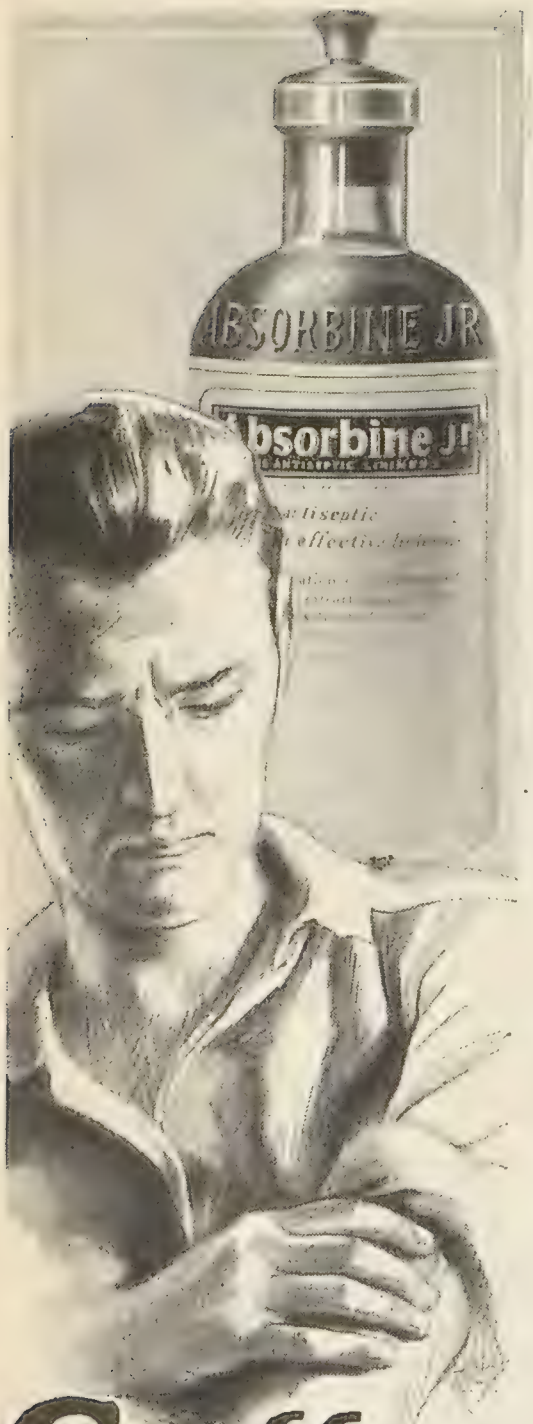
St. or R. F. D.....
City.....State.....



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APPLY Absorbine, Jr.! Let it make sore, lame muscles limber again. The relief from congestion will come quickly.

As Absorbine, Jr. penetrates in the affected area, the circulation responds to the hurry call for reserves. The pain and aches are routed.

Take *the magic bottle* along when going away, to relieve sunburn, insect bites and stings, ivy poisoning, cuts and bruises.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

[GREAT FELLOWS—THESE GOLFERS]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

living. I remember seeing him miss a two-foot putt to win the North and South Open from Freddie McLeod, and laughing like a tickled kid as he passed on congratulations.

Hagen's nerve is remarkable. Playing in an exhibition at New Orleans, he told a friend that he needed a thousand dollars, so would bet that sum that he could break the course record. The bet was made. The mark was 68. Walter dashed off his first nine holes in 31, and seemed a sure winner. Then he stumbled into trouble and came to the last tee needing a three for his 67. His drive landed him back of a high willow tree. He played a mashie niblick over the tree and landed on the green fifteen feet above the hole. He came up and sighted the line carefully. Then he straightened himself.

"Can I miss this putt for a thousand dollars?" he asked his friend. "I should say not." Nor did he.

NO golf story would be complete without mention of Willie Macfarlane, who won the last Open championship in a remarkable thirty-six-hole play-off with Bobby Jones. His victory came as a great surprise to those who follow names in tournaments, but most of us knew that he was a fine golfer. I played with him in the Open of 1915 and he showed some brilliant golf. He didn't go in much for tourneys, but he could shoot all the New York courses in the very low seventies. In his play-off with Bobby he proved himself a supergolfer and a wonderful sportsman.

I HAVE been playing golf all my life and have enjoyed every moment of it. I have found that the men who play the game, and get anywhere, are the finest types in the world. The competition is keen, the fighting grim, but there is no lasting enmity. I have found that the game helps me in business and keeps me young. I have seen most of the world and have been entertained royally wherever I went, and it was because of golf.

In all the years I have observed that a golf player is as honorable as any man can be. He has ample opportunities to forget strokes. He might often overlook little rules and profit thereby. But it simply isn't done. I have seen Jones and Hagen penalize themselves when the intent of the rule they thought violated was all the other way. I have never, in any big tournament, known of a player to quibble or try to take advantage. There are no golf "lawyers" in the first flight.

Great fellows, these golfers! With them the game represents much more than the prize at stake. They want to win, naturally, and give everything to do it. But they win gracefully or go down smilingly. I have always been proud to be considered one of them.

THE END

Ouimet at the Midlothian Club at Chicago

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Acute Observer

Charles, Jr., seven, while walking with his father saw a house the construction of which had reached only the frame-work stage, and had been abandoned.

Charles asked many questions about it—why they didn't put sides and a roof on, etc. His father, lacking any better answer, told him that maybe the man did not have money enough to finish it.

A day or two later, the little fellow was looking at the pictures in an encyclopedia, when he came to the figure of a skeleton. After studying it some time, he was overheard saying to himself: "I 'spect the man didn't have money to finish hisse'f wiv." CHARLES A. MURRAY.

315 Kittredge Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

* * *

Perils of Goodness

Four-year-old Bobby's mother had been scolding him and telling him to be a better boy. In all innocence Bobby said, "Mother, I am going to be so good that you will be worried." RAYMOND E. KEEFER.

Box 479, E. Liberty P. O., Pittsburgh, Pa.

For Outdoor Time an Ingersoll

An Ingersoll costs little and keeps dependable time. Why risk your expensive watch? Models for men and women, boys and girls.

Illustrations ⅝ actual size

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New model. Stands the bumps of outdoor use better than more costly delicate watches. Tells time in the dark. $4.50

The New Yankee
Dependable as always; many new features of grace and beauty. $1.75

Ingersoll Service
If an accident puts your Ingersoll out of commission, pack carefully and send to INGERSOLL WATCH Co. Inc., Service Dept., Waterbury, Conn. Quick service at nominal cost.

Why Risk Your Expensive Watch?

It's a Pity To Stay Fat

Fat is unpopular today. Style, beauty, health and fitness call for normal figures. Slenderness is easy to attain, and millions know the way.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now used for 18 years. You see the results in every circle. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

Year by year the use of Marmola has grown through what users told to others. Now people are using 100,000 boxes monthly to get back youth and beauty.

Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until the weight returns to normal. No exercise or diet is required.

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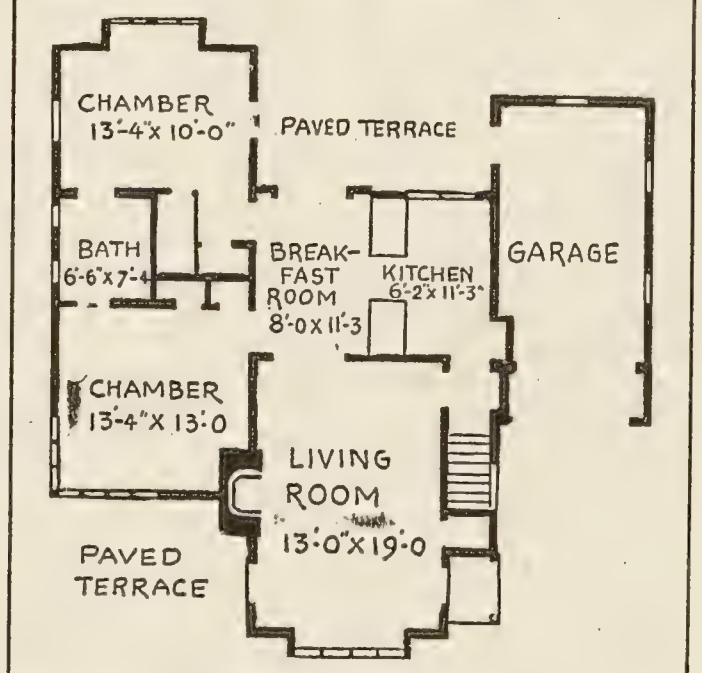
A193

Own Your Home— How, When, and Why

A Series of Articles that Tell

Planning a House to Simplify Housework and the Care of Children

Architect's drawing of the Kansas City home as it will look when completed.



Floor plan of the bungalow.

KANSAS CITY HOUSE
(First Report)

By JAMES G. JACKSON
and GEORGE B. LONGAN

THIS is the story of a home; the story of five years of a woman's life; a monument in wood and stone to a mother's love. It is the story of the home Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward are building in Kansas City for themselves and their two children—Donald Cameron and Keith McKay.

The house now being constructed by the Wards is the second of LIBERTY'S model American homes. All are designed to serve as object lessons to those who are planning homes of their own. They are real houses, dealing with actual experiences in building, with difficulties met and overcome. The idea is to make the path of other home-builders smoother and less expensive.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward will tell how and why their house was planned, revealing every problem they met, and the way they surmounted technical difficulties. When it is completed they hope to have an ideal place.

The present article is the first of four that will be printed about the home of the Wards. They will tell in detail each step in building, and show others how money may be saved without sacrificing quality.

Photographs showing actual progress in construction will be printed with each article. The Ward home is an efficiency home, designed to make housework and the care of children easier. Each inch of space is allotted with the comfort of the mother and the happiness and health of the children in view.

HERE is the second in a series of articles in which LIBERTY will describe, step by step, the actual planning and building of four typical American homes. Last week's article gave the preliminary details of the house being built at Bronxville, N. Y., by Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Jefferson. This week's story tells the first steps in building the Kansas City home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward. This Own-Your-Home series is being conducted by Hugh Fullerton.

A CHARMING little house, but selfish. Sturdy and English, it nestled under a vast spreading elm, close by a winding drive. This house was loved by the architect, and by the husband and wife who found in it recompense for every sacrifice that had made it possible.

But a wee bit exacting was this perfect jewel of a house. This trait appeared when there came into the little world under the spreading elm Donald Cameron Ward, and then—two years later—Keith McKay Ward.

The little house was not content to fall into a secondary role to the two precious youngsters who were now to dominate the home hours of Charles L. Ward and the home life of Mrs. Ward. The modest demands of the house, once cheerfully acceded, now were begrudged by Mrs. Ward as minutes away from her babies.

The unbending house, accustomed to being waited upon, could not adapt itself as a nursery for Donald and Keith. So it passes out of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Ward. Here it serves only as a preface to a narrative of another little home, built to serve its occupants and not to require service from them.

This now becomes the story of a house to be built around two babies. It will trace the design and erection of a house—held within a modest cost—so planned that the demands of housework will subtract the minimum of time from a mother's companionship with her children. The goal: an efficiency house that also glorifies childhood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A digestive aid that does not defeat its purpose!

GASTROGEN Tablets promptly relieve indigestion, "heartburn" and gas. Unlike many other correctives they give relief without interfering with the normal process of digestion.

The most common thing to take, as you probably know, is an alkali such as soda bicarbonate. Soda bicarbonate does correct hyper-acidity, but unless you use exactly the right amount, it goes too far and an alkaline content remains which destroys digestion.

For the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of one per cent)—that is the normal condition for healthy digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets work in a better way!

Gastrogen Tablets promptly neutralize acidity and then permit digestion to go on. They relieve the distress—and there they stop.

A few minutes after taking, your stomach will be free from alkalinity and normally digesting your food. Your indigestion will vanish, your "heartburn" will be gone. Even if you take a dozen there can be no bad after effect, for when Gastrogen Tablets have corrected hyper-acidity they cease to work and pass through the system unchanged.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective, and convenient. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste and they purify the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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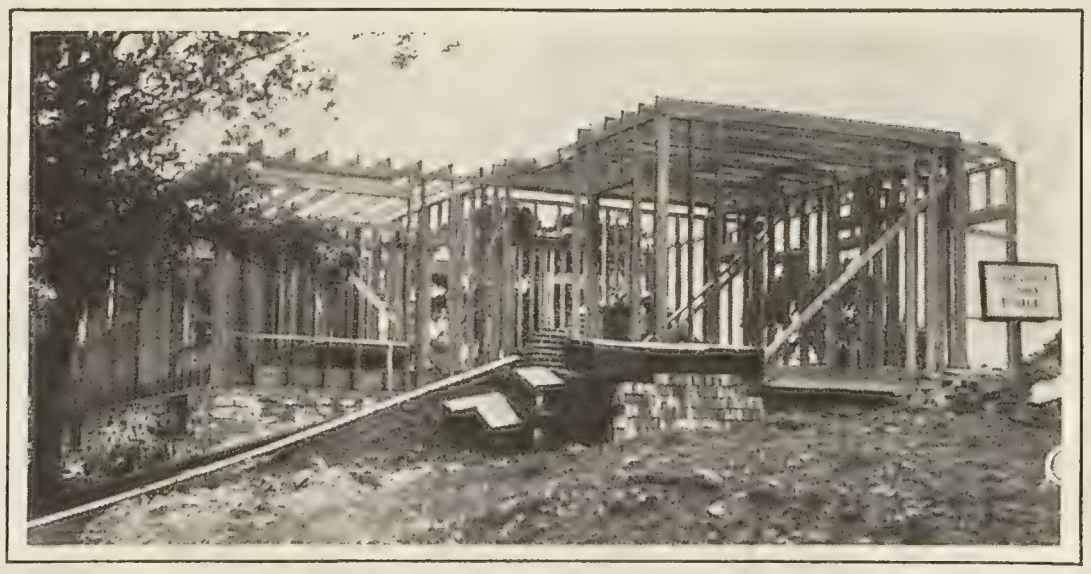
[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"For the next five years my babies are the vital thing in my life," Mrs. Ward explained when she took her problem to an architect. "I want to enjoy them and I want to give them the most I can in their formative pre-school years. I am asking you to design the sort of house that should be our home over this five-year period.



The new Kansas City home in its first stages.

"I am a mother in rebellion against stairways, and against all useless steps, so that arrays me against the conventional dining-room. I want a house that will not even hint at the need of a servant."

In her own mind Mrs. Ward had reached these general conclusions:

The house would have all rooms on one floor, save the furnace room and the basement laundry. It would occupy a north front lot, so that the nursery, on the sunny side, could open upon an inclosed garden at the rear.

The conventional dining-room would be replaced by a dining-alcove. The kitchen would have length rather than breadth and its windows would overlook the rear garden. The rear garden would have a sand pile and a wading-pool.

FOR the Wards, the problem of an architect was brought to the offices of a large development company.

"Can we find a competent architect who will have the time and inclination to pay some attention to a very small house?"

The vice-president scanned a list of architects. Finally his pencil paused:

Walton, Alice. 620 Pioneer Tr. Co. Bldg.

"That young woman has created some interesting small houses," he said.

Which brings Miss Walton into the picture. It was agreed that she would draft the plans and supervise the erection of the Ward bungalow for a fee of 10 per cent of the final cost.

After a conference with her the Wards decided not to employ a general contractor, but to buy materials and let individual contracts through their architect. Mr. Ward stressed "bottom" prices.

"In dealing with sub-contractors one gets about what one pays for," Miss Walton warned. "It is not the competent mechanic or the man who uses honest materials who cuts his bid below seeming cost. It takes a fair price to get a good job."

"I want the best of materials and the best of workmanship," Mr. Ward said. "However, I am confident we can effect some saving through cash discounts."

He delegated full authority to Mrs. Ward in planning and building the house, not only because his business would call him from the city for considerable periods, but because the new bungalow was to be built around her ideas.

And now for the north front lot.

THE city in which the Ward babies find themselves is famed for its home areas, its parks, and its boulevards. The J. C. Nichols development of 3,000 acres, under a general designation as the Country Club District, embraces, in addition to its more pretentious sections, several tracts where fifty-foot home sites are sold.

The major part of the district is in Kansas City, Missouri, but it spreads over into Kansas. It is one of these subdivisions the Wards chose, a rolling, wooded tract, Westwood Hills.

"It's like a little country town, without its Main Street," Mrs. Ward explained. "None of the houses are large, but each seems a distinct personality. That is important, because from your own yard you actually see your neighbors' houses more than your own. Frankly, I do not like to look at the houses speculative builders erect—a box with a porch glued to one side."

Although isolated from the traffic rush of the city, the district is less than twenty minutes from the office, theater, and shopping center of Kansas City.

Water, gas, electricity, telephones, sewerage, and all the utility services of the major city are available.

The district that protruded into

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Eugene White is one of our clean-cut Michigan Liberty Boy Salesmen

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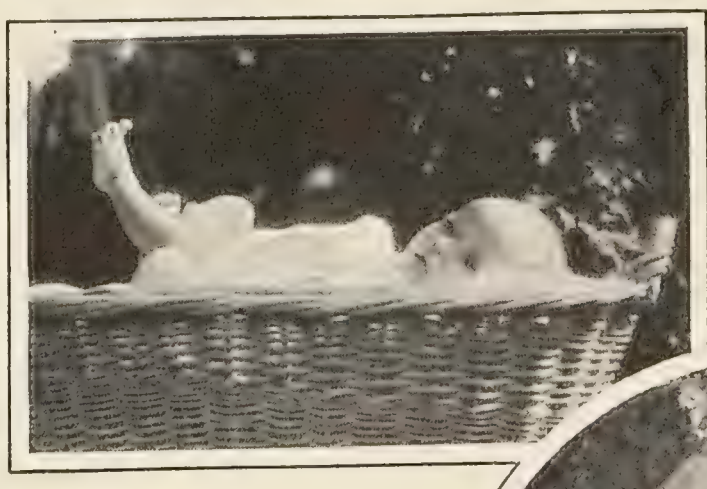
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

Kansas was only a few blocks in area and easily studied.

The Wards chose a lot just west of one with a liberal sprinkling of hickory, sycamore, and black-locust trees so placed as to cast just the right amount of morning shade upon their lot.

"As soon as the season permits we can have a large tree of a fast growing species transplanted to just the proper spot on the west side of our lot," Mr. Ward pointed out.



The Ward children for whom the Kansas City home is being built.

The ground was priced at forty dollars a front foot. The lot tapered toward the rear and the Wards arranged to have it squared up. The price of the site, 50 x 132 feet, was $2,000.

"I like the new address, 1817 West Fiftieth Street, as it will locate us definitely in relation to the street system of Kansas City, Missouri," Mrs. Ward said. "A local name would be apt to cause confusion."

ARCHITECT and client soon met for their first conference on the plans. Only it was quite informal as they sat at a dining-room table. Both women had a rather definite understanding as to their approach to the problem.

"The lot is fifty feet wide, but the restrictions set the house back at least four feet from each side line, so the actual building space available is forty-two feet," Miss Walton explained. "With a one-story house that is none too much width and no doubt we will have use for the entire forty-two feet allotted us."

"And it will be just that much easier to gain entire privacy for the rear lawn and garden," Mrs. Ward spoke up. "When a hedge is developed on the other side, the children's playground will be a little world in itself."

"The proximity to the adjoining lots also becomes a factor in the design of the bungalow," Miss Walton said. "The lots now vacant will be built upon and the houses will be rather close. To gain privacy we will emphasize the window spaces on the north and the south; and also place the most private features of the house in the center. Obviously the prettiest view is to the north and east and we will recognize that with a porch or paved terrace. The view to the south will be as charming as you wish to make it in the development of your own garden."

"I care very little for the view to the west," Mrs. Ward remarked.

The architect nodded agreement.

"And that places the garage on the west, if we decided on an attached garage in preference to one in the basement," she added.

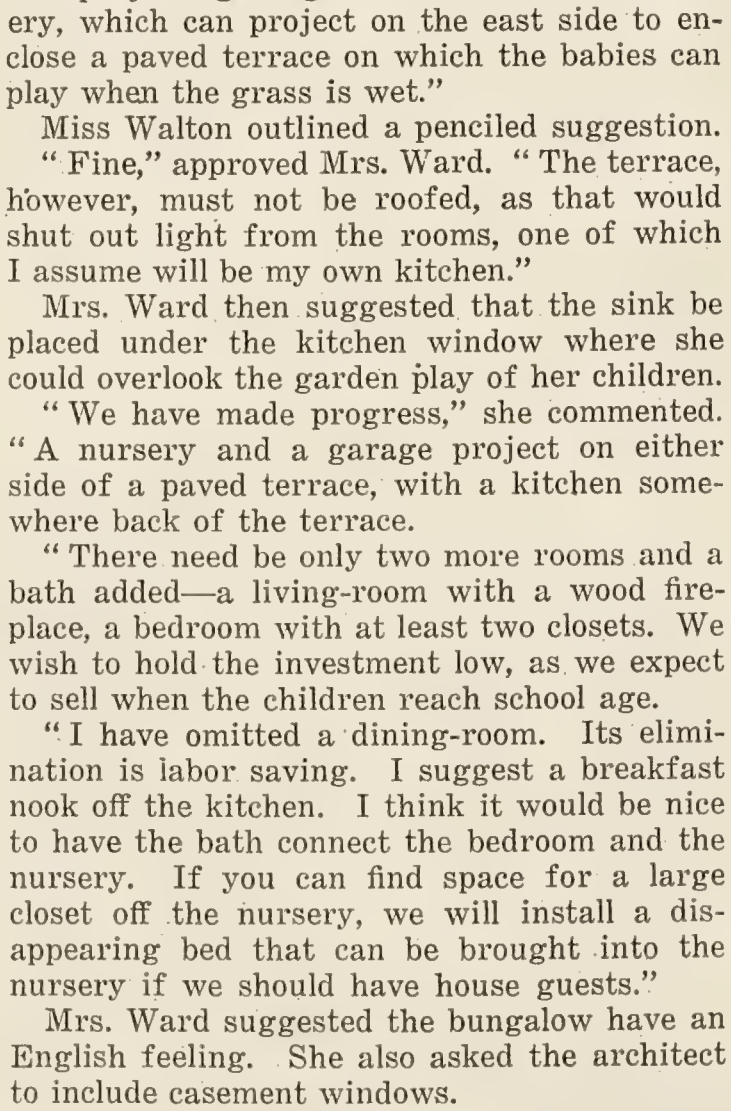
"Now, Miss Walton, I want to see as little as possible of my basement," Mrs. Ward exclaimed. "With a bungalow plan we have eliminated one stairway. We have decided on a gas furnace with automatic thermostat control, because that is a furnace that looks after itself.

"I want a trash drop to the basement and if possible two clothes drops. I hope to have a clothes dryer, in addition to an electric washing-machine." She added that she would not place an automobile at the end of a flight of stairs.

This decision pleased the architect.

"Usually basement garages are hideously ugly, unless much money is spent in concealing them; the approaches, cutting deep into the lawn, are sluiceways for rain and collecting places for leaves," Miss Walton said, adding that such garages frequently caused a house to be set too far out of the ground.

"Not only can your bungalow snuggle against the ground," the architect continued,



The home that the Wards are giving up because it doesn't suit the children's needs.

"but I think the garage can be used effectively as a projecting wing to balance with the nursery, which can project on the east side to enclose a paved terrace on which the babies can play when the grass is wet."

Miss Walton outlined a penciled suggestion.

"Fine," approved Mrs. Ward. "The terrace, however, must not be roofed, as that would shut out light from the rooms, one of which I assume will be my own kitchen."

Mrs. Ward then suggested that the sink be placed under the kitchen window where she could overlook the garden play of her children.

"We have made progress," she commented. "A nursery and a garage project on either side of a paved terrace, with a kitchen somewhere back of the terrace.

"There need be only two more rooms and a bath added—a living-room with a wood fireplace, a bedroom with at least two closets. We wish to hold the investment low, as we expect to sell when the children reach school age.

"I have omitted a dining-room. Its elimination is labor saving. I suggest a breakfast nook off the kitchen. I think it would be nice to have the bath connect the bedroom and the nursery. If you can find space for a large closet off the nursery, we will install a disappearing bed that can be brought into the nursery if we should have house guests."

Mrs. Ward suggested the bungalow have an English feeling. She also asked the architect to include casement windows.

Miss Walton returned in a few days with a rough draft of the floor-plan virtually as it appears in the final working drawings.

Instead of a breakfast-nook in the kitchen was a breakfast-room, 8 x 11 feet, adjoining the kitchen and opening with French glass doors upon the paved terrace. Mrs. Ward accepted this compromise when the architect pointed out that a prospective purchaser, five years hence, might be discouraged by the absence of a dining-room.

Mrs. Ward saw an advantage to be gained by using French doors between the living- and breakfast-rooms. This would not only have the effect of extending the living-room, but would afford a vista of the garden.

The effect of spaciousness also was aided by the manner in which Miss Walton developed the front of the living-room with a large bay.

The garage driveway was made to do double service as a sidewalk, the elimination of the ordinary walk preserving an unbroken lawn. The main entrance to the house she recessed under a little porch at the corner of the house, one step up from the drive.

Miss Walton explained that, to preserve the privacy of the back yard, she had placed the service entrance in front of the garage, and yet concealed from the street by a narrow hooded projection.

This also would permit entrance from the garage to the house under cover in inclement weather. The garbage can could be sunk at the edge of the drive opposite the kitchen and could be reached under cover of the hood.

IN the living-room south of the entrance Miss Walton placed a coat closet in space salvaged from the cellar stairway. If any future owner desired a second floor, the closet could become the entrance to a stairway mounting over the cellar stairs.

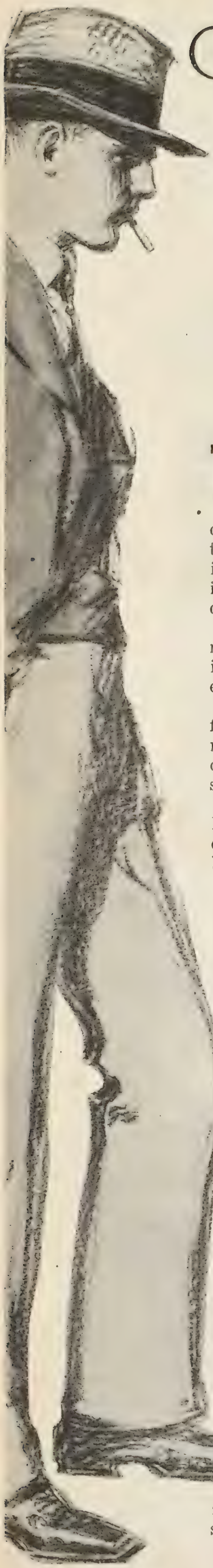
The family bedroom has its two closets and the nursery an ordinary closet and a second one sufficiently spacious to admit of the concealed emergency bed. Also into the nursery plan was introduced a large bay, which has the appearance of a window seat, but which also will contain shelves on which Donald and Keith may store toys.

The bathroom was developed with a unique substitution for a linen closet in two cases placed underneath the windows on each side of the lavatory.

Mrs. Ward is to have her desired cabinet space both in the kitchen and in the breakfast-room, a clothes chute from the bathroom, a trash chute and a second clothes chute from the kitchen.

For the exterior, Miss Walton employed stucco, shingles, and timbers in a modified application of English architecture. She estimated the cost of the house between six and seven thousand dollars.

Next week LIBERTY will print the first story of the Milwaukee house; the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Davis and their two children. The Davis home is unique in construction, being on an odd-shaped lot, and interesting as a model home adapted to unusual surroundings, fitting either city, suburb, or country.



Stiffening the Nation's BACKBONE

How the Training Camps for Young Citizens Build Health, Character, and Preparedness

An Article by HUGH FULLERTON

THIS summer 35,000 American youths will be developed into potential officers of the United States Army.

These young men, selected from more than double that number of applicants, will attend fifty training camps and, besides learning the rudiments of military art, will be instructed in citizenship, hygiene, leadership, discipline, and right living.

Despite the intensive attacks upon them in many quarters, the Citizens' Military Training Camps of 1926 will be more popular than ever before.

This year the efforts of the avowed pacifists have been directed largely against military training of youth. Largely this opposition came from avowedly communistic sections.

Nevada, points in the Pacific Northwest, New York City, and some of the industrial centers of New England opposed the camps bitterly. The bulk of the opposition to the Citizens' Military Training Camps, however, came from the individuals who honestly believe that the only way to escape a blow on the chin is to avoid learning how to put up your hands.

The resistance to the movement has been strong in college circles. The greatest encouragement of the camps has come from the same quarter.

That these camps, while preparing boys for military emergencies, also prepare them mentally and physically for their duties as citizens, is stressed by the athletics directors and coaches of the colleges, while some of the professors and the reds and pinks see only the military phase of the question.

Of more than one hundred athletics directors and football coaches who were asked for opinions by the army authorities in charge of the military camps, every one strongly favored the camps, not only for the 35,000 selected boys who will take a month's training and instruction at the government's expense, but for all able-bodied boys.

Tad Jones, Yale's leader, says: "The training in these summer camps makes a boy a better citizen. The active drills and regular life straighten and strengthen his body."

Jess Hawley, coach of the champion Dartmouth football team, says: "The camps give a young man a real opportunity, a chance to develop himself physically. The military discipline teaches him loyalty and gives him every opportunity to develop qualities of leadership."

George Little, athletics director of Wisconsin, says: "The camps are splendid for the development of the young men of our nation and a splendid contribution to the strengthening of the present generation."

Knute Rockne, driver of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, says: "There is tremendous value to the average citizen in the opportunities offered for physical and mental development in the camps."

Wallace Wade, director of the Southern marvels of Alabama, says: "We believe all teachers, parents, and others charged with the molding of the lives of young men should realize the great advantages to be derived from these camps. The individual is benefited as well as society in general."

Aside from the military features of these camps (and less than half the work is associated with military), the physical training is the big feature. In the 1925 camps the average gain of weight by the boys in training was more than fifteen pounds.

A typical athletic program is that of Plattsburg, one of the largest of the camps. There is boxing at all weights. The boys start boxing by squads, the squad winners battle for company honors; and after the eliminations there are matches at all weights to decide the camp champions.

Two baseball leagues were in action at Plattsburg last year. Nearly three hundred men made the teams, and 150 games were played in a month. There were two cross-country runs, with seventy-three runners in the July and eighty-nine in the August runs, with the runners training every afternoon. In the July camp thirteen teams of forty men each engaged in the relay race, each man running 200 yards, and in the August camp there were seventy men in each of the thirteen teams, racing 7½ miles. Two huge track, field, and swimming meets were held, and in August 770 entries were recorded. Handball, tennis, volley ball, golf, and swimming were part of every afternoon's program.

The big move this summer is the improvement of the physical direction of sports and pastimes. Some of the leading coaches and athletics directors of the country will assist in the work.

THE END

Pictures by HERMAN PFEIFER

International photo
Walter Johnson telling the secret of his success to the boys of America.

Walter Johnson's Fan Mail

Forty-nine Babies Named for Him in Two Years—Odd Questions the Public Asks—Gifts Include Liniment and Hound Dog

An Article by
Mrs. Walter Johnson

MY husband's baseball days will soon be over. Time, the inexorable, will see to that. Some day the Big Train will make its last run and the fan mail addressed to "Old Barney, Washington, D. C.," will come no more.

All that is as it should be. For Walter has been playing professional baseball for twenty years—a long, long lifetime for our national game.

Most of those years were played in comparative obscurity, for the Washington team seemed to be doomed to disappointment and to be forever a fair target for that vaudeville classic, "First in war, first in peace, and last in the American League."

But even in those lean days Walter had many strong rooters throughout the country, and he used to struggle manfully at his correspondence with no other weapons than a tablet, some ink, a stub pen, and a determination to show some appreciation to people who were interested in him. He has never been a prolific writer and his more pretentious efforts sometimes involved much travail and revision.

But that was many years ago, before I took him for better or worse and before the Washington team began to show startling signs of athletic recovery under the prescriptions of Dr. Bucky Harris, its youthful manager.

These days Walter's fan mail is much heavier and we have a couple of portable typewriters and buy stationery in wholesale lots.

We handle all the mail ourselves, and it is a pleasure that we would surrender reluctantly. It is no bid for popularity that prompts our efforts. But Walter has always felt that anyone who took the time and trouble to write him a letter of congratulation, or of consolation, as the case might be, or anyone who wanted to ask an honest question, was entitled to an answer.

During the summer, fully two-thirds of the fan mail is from boys. They range in age from twelve to twenty. They want autographs and photographs, baseballs, bats, gloves, old sweaters, "just one spike," and, most of all, advice. They want to know how to pitch; how to break into the big leagues; what to eat and what not to eat; what time to go to bed; what to rub on their arms; and how about cigarettes.

The prize for brevity this past summer went to the kid from Nebraska who wrote as follows: "Dear Walter Johnson: How did you get your job?"

Walter feels a very deep obligation to these

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Double Keenness!

Double Joy!

How Was Your Morning Shave?
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THE Gem Double Life Blade is double-keen, double-swift, and double-durable. Its edge is a wonder—ground on double-heavy, double-hard steel. It is unconditionally guaranteed to give you double the shaves and double the satisfaction that any other blade ever gave you.

You'll be doubly-satisfied with every Gem Double Life Blade. Each blade double-protected and double-sealed. Sold everywhere.

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P. S.— Your money does double duty when it buys the Gem de Luxe Razor

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLOTHES SAFE FROM MOTHS
Amazing New Way!

No more moth damage! No need to wrinkle your stored clothes! No more smelly powders, liquids, or camphor balls! Thousands of women now protect precious furs, suits, coats, blankets, gowns with Ced-O-Bag—a new kind of clothes bag perfected by Comer. Nothing like it on the market. Sealed all around. Anti-moth processed, yet no offensive odor. Dust, damp and waterproof. Holds three blankets, six dresses, four coats. No paper to crack or tear. Amazing low pr.ce. Sample sent free without obligation.

Just slip garment over hanger and hang it on hook. Then seal up patented side opening.

AGENTS
Make $75 to $100 a Week
BIG SEASON NOW

Comer men are cleaning up during big storage season. Mrs. Phillips made $53 a week spare time. Green made $12 one afternoon. 21 men report average profit $3 an hour. No wonder—simply show Ced-O-Bag and it's sold. Your profit in advance—we deliver and collect. No heavy sample case—small handy package fits under arm. Work full or spare time. No experience needed. I show you new easy way. Get my free plan now. See how easy it is to make $75 to $100 a week. Other big Comer sellers give you two incomes instead of one. Simply mail the coupon.

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Dept. P-26 Dayton, Ohio

MAIL THIS TODAY
C. E. Comer, Pres., Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. P-26, Dayton, Ohio.
Yes, show me how I can make $75 to $100 a week right away. This does not obligate me.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

[WALTER JOHNSON'S FAN MAIL]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

boys. When a youngster sits down and writes a letter, and pours out his heart to his idol of the moment, and then waits and watches for the postman, and his answer never comes—well, there is one of "life's darkest moments." I am proud to say that Walter has been responsible for few, if any, disappointed kids.

I marvel at his patience in answering these letters. It is not easy to tell anyone "how to pitch," and it is especially difficult to put it in writing. I have seen him struggle for an hour, trying to word a letter that would make his meaning clear. Youth is so deadly earnest and takes advice so literally. If Walter's advice is not always right or wise, it is not because he does not try to make it so.

Probably the question asked most frequently is, "How can I develop speed?" Walter answers in this way: "I do not know of any way to develop speed. Speed is a natural asset, and you either have it or you haven't it. Sometimes a fast ball is not effective because of a faulty delivery or because one's general physical condition is not up to par. Improving the delivery and improving one's general condition will, naturally, improve the fast ball."

When a kid wants to know how to throw a curve, Walter invariably says "Don't." He is firmly convinced that many good young pitchers are ruined by the excessive use of curve balls before they are old enough to realize their dangers.

ONE of the commonest questions is how to deliver a ball. This is a characteristic answer: "Strive to make your delivery natural. If you have a stilted and unnatural delivery, you will never last long in baseball. Each time you throw a ball, try to imagine that you are throwing a stone at some object. Throw as easily and as naturally as possible."

Walter attributes his own long life in baseball to the simplicity of his wind-up and delivery. He pitches with the least possible strain and effort.

The letters as to personal habits and advice on training are more easily answered. Walter believes that young boys are too prone to overwork in their zeal to become ball players. He thinks that young pitchers especially can ruin their arms by pitching too often and too hard. Walter thinks that no boy under eighteen should try to play professional ball. He can warm up each day for about ten minutes, slowly at first, and then putting all the "steam" he has on the ball. Then he can pitch a game perhaps twice a week. He feels this to be ample work for a growing kid.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Come along on a personally conducted tour through ~

The Night Clubs of New York

where $100 buys a kiss
$50 pays for a song
$20 wins a smile
and $5 a sneer

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MILDRED HARRIS'
ARTICLE

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IF THINGS inside you seem to clamor to be written, with an almost torturing magic. . . .you are potentially the kind of writer that editors bid for. And if there is impetus to your thinking, so that ideas jostle and push . . . the Palmer Institute of Authorship can train your imagination to write itself down at a profit to you of two, three, five cents a word or even more. The method is strictly personal. You are taught, concisely, by correspondence, short story and photoplay technique. Suspense, intrigue, character, climax—all the intricate tools of short story and photoplay writing are put into your hands and you are taught to use them well. You carve out stories that go over strong, yet are a part of *you*—your own peculiar talents. For details, send coupon. *No salesman will call upon you.*

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Gold, Red head Gold Scale
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THE MOONLIGHT BAIT CO., Paw Paw, Mich.

Bang! Flash! Smoke!
Yet a Safe and Sane "4th"

Let him shoot away to his heart's content. Let him enjoy a real "4th" with a sizzling barrage of crackling, flashing, machine gun fire. Merely turn the crank. Zing! Bang! Smoke! All of the thrill—none of the danger! Parents need not worry about the children's safety. No caps. Nothing to ignite.

"Merely turn the crank"

Absolutely Harmless

Made of steel, handsomely enameled in olive drab, mounted on tripod with legs of bright red. Simple to operate. Ready for action. Comes loaded with thousands of shots. Sold at nearly all toy and department stores. If your dealer has not yet stocked it, use coupon below, *now*.

RONSON
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
MACHINE GUN

Jobbers & Dealers: Ask for our proposition. Order now. Immediate delivery. Write or wire.

$1.00 The Art Metal Works 58 Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
Enclosed find *$1. for RONSON Machine Gun, packed and loaded for action.
*$1.25 west of the Rockies
Name.....
Address.....

Why Blonde Hair
Requires a
Special Shampoo

Nothing attracts more attention than beautifully blonde hair. That is why blondes always have a charm all their own. The only unfortunate thing about blonde hair is that it has a natural tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is anything but beautiful. But now a way has been found to correct the natural darkening of blonde hair. You simply shampoo your hair with Blondex, a new shampoo for blonde hair only. Blondex not only keeps hair from darkening—but actually *brings back* the original golden beauty, even to the most faded and darkened blonde hair. Blondex is not a dye—contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Money back if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good stores.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

Walter tells his boys that if they want to become big-league ball players, they must be willing to pay the price.

Some see only the high salary, the headlines on the sporting page, and the adulation of the public.

But there is another side that few of them see—self-denial, abstinence from many things that make life pleasant, and hard work.

Lots of hard work!

Wide World photo

The art of pitching being explained by a master.

It means giving the best years of your life to an exacting master, who will drain every ounce of your youth and vitality, and then cast you aside.

Perhaps no other profession is as merciless in its demands or as unintentionally cruel. Baseball takes an impressionable boy and teaches him new standards of living in many cases—excellent hotels, good clothes, the free and easy atmosphere of the sporting world. It pays salaries out of proportion to the boy's age and experience. And then quite frequently his ability wanes, or mishaps come, and baseball is through with him. He is unfitted for anything else.

I cannot speak for all ball players. But from March to October, Walter lives, eats, and sleeps baseball. He never eats lunch during that period. He nearly always goes to bed early, and he does not smoke or drink. His team mates will vouch for the fact that he works as hard as the youngest rookie on the ball club. There are many fans who would not pay this price of simple living and much physical exertion.

Walter tries to bring out the point, to those boys who write to him, that the simple and clean life pays; that, while they cannot all be big-league baseball stars, they can be good citizens and a credit to whatever profession they adopt; and, most of all, that an honorable defeat is more to be desired than a dishonorable victory.

A GREAT number of the boys write back immediately to thank Walter for having written them. One youngster said, "I have your letter framed, Mr. Johnson, and have it hung up over my bed where I can see it the first thing when I wake up in the morning." It is such letters that make Walter's efforts worth while.

The mail that comes in just before and after the series is different from the regular summer mail. About one-third is from boys and the rest from grown-ups. I have a scrapbook filled with characteristic letters written to Walter after the 1924 World's Series. Every State in the Union is represented, six Canadian provinces, Cuba, Mexico, Japan, Hawaii, and four European countries.

Among the correspondents are a great number of ministers and priests. They are good ball fans and love the game. They frequently ask for information that can be used in their sermons. Most of these write kindly letters of congratulation and good wishes. Those who are in charge of a group of boys nearly always want a statement to be read to their boys. Sometimes they send a list of specific questions, but generally just ask that a statement on "Clean Living," or "Playing the Game," or something of the sort be sent them.

One of Walter's highly prized keepsakes is a testimonial signed by several hundred members of the Lambs Club of New York. It was delivered to him by a special messenger after the 1924 Series. A few outstanding ball fans are De Wolf Hopper, who immortalized Casey at the Bat, Will Rogers, George Cohan, and Al Jolson.

WALTER is the subject and recipient of numerous poems. The authors send them to him and we have a special scrapbook for them.

We have decided that a great number of ball fans are superstitious. We reached that solemn decision after Walter received a couple of hundred good-luck tokens before and during the last two World's Series. There were many religious emblems, four-leaf clovers, rabbit feet, horse chestnuts, bent pins, black cat hairs, shiny new dimes, rusty keys, and one huge horseshoe. This last was sent by some inmates of the Illinois State Penitentiary. They had tied it with a very elaborate red, white, and blue bow, and it came in a large box, wrapped in many layers of tissue paper. Now, I am not superstitious, but I carried that horseshoe out to the last game of the 1924 World's Series. And Walter won! And I did not carry it out to the last game of the 1925 World's Series. And Walter lost! You may draw your own conclusions.

Quite a few convicts write to Walter. They seem to be the most appreciative of all his great family of fans. For we have never yet

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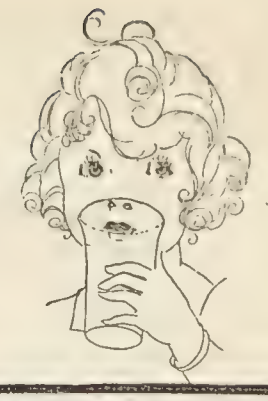

A Good Drink
that's *good* for
children

Children like Yeast Foam Malted Milk because of its rich creamy flavor; there's *no* yeast taste. And it's good for children—adults, too—because it combines all the food value of malted milk with the tonic properties of yeast.

Yeast Foam Malted Milk is invigorating; it nourishes, strengthens and gives you a new snap and sparkle. And, owing to the presence of the yeast, it's easier to digest.

If you like ordinary malted milk, you'll like this new beverage better—and remember that it's *twice* as good for you.

Try it today at your favorite soda fountain. Or ask your druggist for the bottle for home use. If he hasn't it in stock, use the coupon below.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
Dept. ML, 1750 N. Ashland Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

My druggist does not have Yeast Foam Malted Milk in stock so I enclose 50c for the Large Introductory Bottle.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

[WALTER JOHNSON'S FAN MAIL
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

acknowledged a convict's letter that he has not immediately answered it, expressing his gratitude.

Numerous inquiries come as to Walter's nationality. For many years he has been called the Big Swede, and it is a popular belief that he is a Scandinavian. He has some of the racial characteristics, being tall and blond, but both his parents were born in Ohio, and combine English, Irish, and Scotch blood.

There have been forty-nine babies named for Walter during the past two years. Usually the proud father writes in to tell the news, and they nearly always want a photo or ball. They usually reciprocate by sending a picture of the baby. Walter says he would like to have all of them lined up about twenty years from now, with the privilege of selecting a ball team from their midst.

From a business point of view the post-series mail is enchanting. There are vaudeville and Chautauqua offers. Towns in all directions want exhibition games. There are offers of positions as real-estate and automobile salesman, insurance agent, poolroom operator and many other lines of work.

Then there are the fans who give you things. (Nice fans!) Hound dogs and ginger ale. Garters and traveling bags. Overcoats and inner tubes. Liniments, salves, and liniments! Several weeks before Walter's first World's Series, these latter began to arrive in mysterious packages; long, thin ones and short, fat ones. They came from all over the country, and each was accompanied by minute directions. How to rub and how not to rub—up and down, and around and around. One day I opened eleven different brands of liniment, and had there been a twelfth I know I should have had hysterics. It struck me as extremely funny. I said, "Poor old-timer; they think you are going to fall to pieces. It's a wonder someone doesn't send a pot of glue."

Walter didn't smile, but said, "Well, it's mighty fine of them, I think." And he was right, as usual.

It was just a few days afterward that I sat in the grand stand and watched him hold the Giants at bay on that never-to-be-forgotten October afternoon.

THE drama of those last four innings is seared into my soul. I saw men crying unashamed, and men and women praying aloud. Call it an emotional debauch, or just a paid performance, as you will. It was more than a ball game to me. It was life and death.

Those fans wanted Walter to win that day. And those unknown friends of his who sent the liniment—they, too, wanted him to win. You can't buy loyalty and love like that. I don't laugh now when someone sends him liniment (and they still do, occasionally). It is a symbol to me. A sincere tribute from an honest friend.

There are few mash notes in Walter's mail, though fully a fourth of his series mail has been from women. This brings to mind the great change that has taken place in baseball during the last twenty-five years. The critics of present-day baseball have said, and with some degree of truth, that the game has been commercialized to the *n*th degree; that the modern star, with a salary of princely proportions, does not play with half the spirit and abandon of the star of yesterday, who gave all and dared all for eighty-five dollars a month. But the fact must remain undisputed that the game has risen from the plaudits of a gambling and rough element to the approval of the White House itself.

The greatest proof of this refining of our national pastime is found in the steadily increasing number of feminine fans. It was not so many years ago that a ball park was no place for a "perfect lady," and few were the hardy souls who ventured forth. But how times have changed! Behold any day at any baseball park! Thousands and thousands of women and girls streaming in. Flappers and gentle old ladies. Women carrying their babies. And they are fairly representative of all walks of life.

A great many feminine fans understand baseball thoroughly. And I must say that, when it comes to loyalty, give me girls every time. There is no team but the home team, rain or shine. I have never yet heard a girl fan razz a player on her team. They appreciate the good plays and they forgive the bad.

WALTER is frequently asked which town he considers the best baseball town. He naturally says Washington. For Washington is home to him in every sense of the word. He went there as a shy, awkward boy of nineteen, and he will be thirty-nine this coming fall. He has never played with any other club. The fans there are his fans. Whatever degree of success has been his, it has been attained with the sympathy and unfailing support of the Washington Ball Club and the Washington fans.

But to get away from personalities, most ball players today consider Detroit the best baseball town. This refers, of course, only to the American League circuit. The tremendous growth of the city has probably been one of the chief contributing factors, but they do like their baseball up there. It draws out big crowds, regardless of the weather or the standing of their own club in the race.

Years ago Boston easily ranked first as the best baseball town. Those were the days when Walter and "Smoky" Joe Wood used to hook up in frequent 1-0 battles, and the ball park couldn't begin to hold the crowds.

You have to be a ball player yourself to appreciate fully the meaning of a "good ball fan." There may be a day when you pitch a terrible ball game. The base hits may be whistling around you like bullets in no man's land. You may, indeed, be forced to pick up your worn old glove and trudge to the cooling showers. But away up there in the grand stand you hear a voice above the others, the voice of the true-blue fan: "Better luck next time, old man!"

And defeat is turned to victory in one ball player's heart.

If you won't take my word for it, ask Walter. He knows.

THE END

International photo

President Coolidge congratulating Walter Johnson.

International photo

Walter Johnson's wife (left) and his mother.

"and That's only Part of the Saving!"

Its amazing economy in gasoline, oil and tires — plus the saving on garaging, investment, and depreciation — makes the Harley-Davidson Single the *lowest cost power travel.*

And so convenient! Park or house it anywhere — it needs only a 2 x 8 ft. space. Fast and powerful enough for all traffic and road conditions. Easier to ride and control than a bicycle — safe. You'll learn to ride it in the length of a city block.

Dependable — sturdy, 4-cycle motor and 3-speed transmission. Low in price — complete with built-in electric equipment, it sells, f. o. b. Milwaukee, for $235

Ask your Dealer about his convenient Pay-As-You-Ride Plan.
And send the Coupon for our Catalog.

Safe

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The HARLEY-DAVIDSON [New-Type Motorcycle] Single

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
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☐ Interested in your Single; send catalog and my Dealer's Name.
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Balcranks are more than bumpers

Never has there been a method of car protection that so compels universal attention as does Balcrank, the original round bar in color.

Balcranks are accepted by thousands as the proper protecting equipment for fine cars. The round bar is finished in the same color as your car, or in lustrous "balloy-black".

An enduring color finish is applied by a special Balcrank process; trimmings are "balloy", a metal that cannot rust—keeps your car looking new.

Balcranks do not bump—they absorb the shock. The sturdy, rigid bar is supported by tempered steel springs with six inches of shock absorbing space. The exclusive Balcrank fitting principle brings the car springs into action. This combined resiliency of both the Balcrank and car springs, gives a shock absorbing action that will take the force of a violent collision without distorting the car frame.

BALCRANKS protect against bumpers that are higher or lower—10 inches fending area.

Balcranks are the only passenger car protection rated by the Insurance Underwriters as being sufficiently strong for a one ton truck.

Balcranks are priced from $22.50 to $27.50—Balcrank-ettes the same.

Your car dealer can supply Balcranks. Insist upon them, and you have the best. Ask your car dealer or write us for information, giving make of car in which you are interested. THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK CO., Cincinnati, O.

BALCRANK

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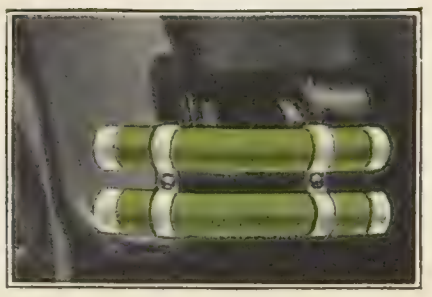
Balcrank-ettes on the rear give  added appearance and protection.

Contrast *Is the* Keynote *of* Today's Ensemble

By Mary Brush Williams

GRANDMOTHER sat waiting in a satin-trimmed, lace-pillowed room in the Ritz, somewhere near the top story, for the dapper young person who patronized her. At length said young person breezed in and, to grandmother's anxious question of whether she had had a nice time at the tea party, answered absently: "Yes, very nice."

"What did you wear?" asked grandmother, with the emphasis on the pronoun.

Granddaughter lighted up perceptibly. "Oh, grandmother," she answered in a wave of triumph, "I had the distinction of being the simplest dressed person there. Just these rags I've got on—that's what I wore." The "rags" are represented in the sketch in the lower right-hand corner, which shows one of the new ensembles by Vionnet.

"That!" exclaimed grandmother in disappointment, asking at the same time if it oughtn't to have a little dash of fur on it somewhere, and being answered by a shudder of horror from granddaughter and the assurance that it was a perfect ensemble. Grandmother said she had the impression that ensemble meant things that were alike.

That is where grandmother and some of us make our mistake. The two words are not synonymous, although we seemed to think they were no longer ago than the past season, when we went round matching things. In these days, "Together but not alike; in an unfrilled harmony," is the text of the lesson taught by up-to-date designers. Colors are raw, and covered with designs that cast no shadows, have no nuances, flat without background, like the silk dress in blues and black under the cape coat in the present Vionnet sketch. And yet this frock is a definite part of an ensemble that is attracted to its accompanying habiliments by its very contrasting showiness against them, with only one little shade in it that matches the color of the coat. Anybody holding a sample can match things, but it takes an artist to assemble them into a unit when they do not match. That is the task of the hour. And the entire costume is left ungarnished, except sometimes for a scarf like something or other you are wearing—like the dress, perhaps, or the lining or the hat—tied round the neck in a bow with long, wide, soft ends. Let the coat, maybe, catch one shade that is in the blocks of color on the gown, as this does when it takes the shade of blue.

But, after all, the interesting feature of this ensemble is the cape coat. You would say one would have to be a civil engineer to "lay it out." There is surveying to fit the contours and then concentrated work to get rid of them. A great deal of drilling and excavating have taken place under that cape. Darts have been run to make it lie without a suspicion of a wrinkle, and the material pinched up in these seams has been cut out to allay any possibility of a thickness beyond that of a wafer, to make the whole creation look like a unit, says its designer, with no setting on of capes. The garment is cut in one piece, and the cape must look like an integral part of the wrap. And as for dimensions, there must be breadth and flatness. Sometimes when I see the coats just off the steamers from Paris, I think of the profile of a mushroom, with the breadth across the top of it contrasting with the pedestal-like slimness underneath.

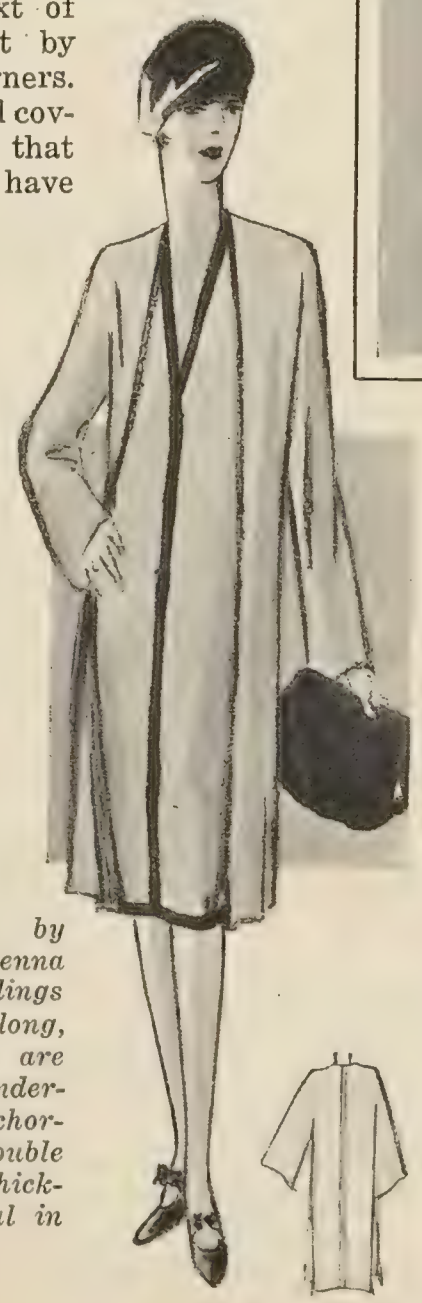
FROM the Lanvin sports shop comes this ensemble, consisting of a sleeveless long coat in beige jersey, matching the short skirt. The lining in beige and brown jersey, circularly striped, matches the long straight jumper.

A CALLOT coat of black satin cire, with bindings and a border round the bottom of orange velours. A contrasting border such as this one is very fashionable. The model has a distinct air of sophistication.

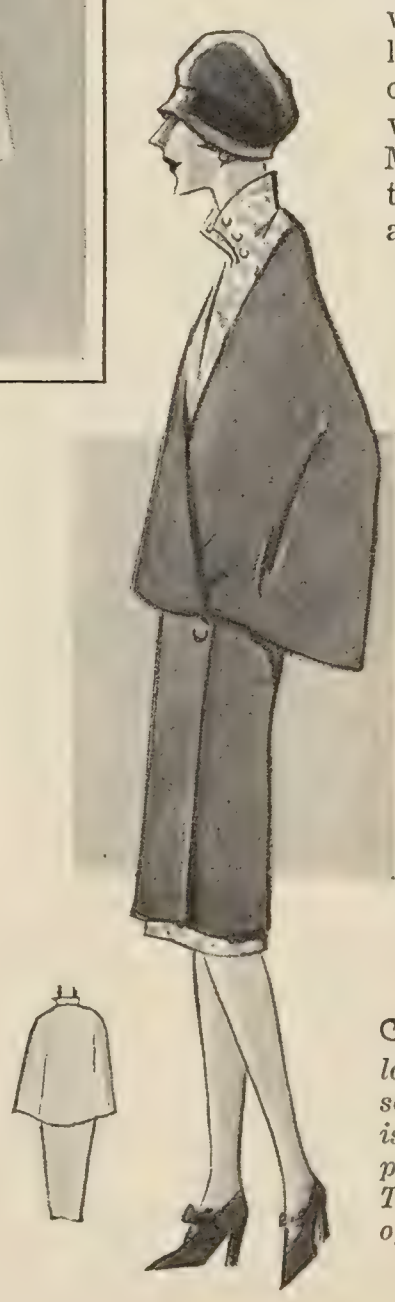
"TELL us about sports things," writes one unknown friend in a letter, for which we thank her. Here is something Madame Lanvin has to tell us, through the illustration at left center. A sleeveless coat. The blouse and the coat lining are striped, with the lines running round. A V-shaped neck. No collar. A very good color for the keynote of this ensemble is henna.

The second Vionnet offering at the lower left shows her interpretation of the popular coat dress. To have a coat look like a dress and a dress like a coat is in good style today.

A friend of mine brought the model back with her, but she does not like those long, loose lines, so she wears round the waist, low down, a narrow belt of satin, loosely clasped with a gold buckle. Many women, especially those rather large around the hips, look better when the waistline is not allowed to wander too far from the human form divine. When it does do so, it sometimes creates the impression that the wearer is larger than she really is. Of course Vionnet would not like this belted effect. But then, Vionnet is thin!



A COAT dress by Vionnet of henna velours, with bindings of black satin. The long, loose coat sides are sewed into the underarm seams for anchorage. There is a double front, but only one thickness of the material in the back.



A VIONNET cape coat of blue velours de laine is a part of an ensemble of which the dress is of blue-and-black printed light-weight silk. The entire wrap is made of one piece of material and is kept very flat.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

Models *the* Smart New Yorker *Is* Wearing

By PATRICIA

ILLUSTRATED above are charming models that accent simplicity in trimming and line. They are so easily made that even an amateur will be thrilled with the result.

A practical outfit for boys of 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years is made from design No. 2765. It consists of a blouse and trousers. For the small lad of 4, 6, or 8 years, select pongee, poplin, chambray, or English broadcloth. Use white linen or flannel for the trousers, with the blouse of English broadcloth. The 8-year size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch for the entire suit.

With all the new style features, and so practical that it may be worn for all daytime occasions, No. 2667 is a popular model for sports. Printed crepe silk is used for its development. The tie and sash are made of grosgrain ribbon. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch, with ¼ yard of 20-inch contrasting material and 4¼ yards of ribbon.

Its straight back gives No. 2709 a very slender line, and the flared lower front, attached to waist in pointed outline, lends an effect of unusual smartness. For the afternoon it will be stunning made of filmy chiffon. For sports and town wear select taffeta, flat crepe, or shantung. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch, with 1⅛ yards of 32-inch contrasting material.

Charmingly feminine, practical, and economical, design No. 2715 is fashioned of rose-mauve crepe de Chine. It is just as dainty fashioned of printed georgette crepe, olive green shantung, or chiffon cotton voile. The pattern comes in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

A new sports idea of bordered silk crepe is expressed in model No. 2673. Its perfectly straight lines, with deep French V front, make it especially suitable for stout figures. The flare in the skirt is achieved by inverted side plaits. The pattern may be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch bordered material.

Of printed sateen, No. 2650 is a useful frock for a junior. The round collar is of linen. The design may be carried out in linen, crepe de Chine, or taffeta. The pattern comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅛ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

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PATRICIA PATTERNS
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Inclosed find.....cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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CITY.....STATE.....

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia Patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

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A reproduction of this design No. D-16 in full color will be sent free on request. Please be sure to specify design number when writing.
The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Beech-Nut FRUIT DROPS

Refreshing as fresh fruit

Beech-Nut ORANGE DROPS

BEECH-NUT BRAND BEECH-NUT TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ORANGE DROPS

5¢

ORANGE-LEMON-LIME *flavors*

Let *the* Sun Help *with* Your Preserves!

By ETHEL SOMERS

JUNE and early July markets bring in strawberries, cherries, pineapple, rhubarb, and gooseberries—material well suited to a wealth of early canning and preserving. The experienced housewife is managing as much preserving as possible while the mornings are still pleasantly cool. Starting with a selected, cleansed fruit to attain the best of flavor, she must work in small quantities that the product may retain its natural color and form, and then boil the preserves rapidly so as not to destroy the fresh flavor.

The ever popular Sunshine or Sun-Cooked Preserves owe their popularity to the fact that sun cooking is not vigorous, nor can it be overdone. Easy to prepare and cordially welcomed, especially as a tasty touch to the ice-cream service, Sunshine Preserves head the list of the early summer preserves.

Sunshine Strawberries

3 lbs. strawberries 3 lbs. granulated sugar

SELECT firm, ripe berries, hull, and wash in cold water after a quick blanching in hot water. Using a large-bottomed kettle, alternate the berries with sprinklings of sugar in layers. Let stand for fifteen minutes to draw out the juice, and then simmer for five minutes. Skim well, then lift out the berries, draining them thoroughly of all syrup, and arrange in single layers on platters or plates. Boil the syrup down thick, 220° F., or until the syrup threads slightly. Pour this thick syrup while hot over the berries.

When sufficiently cool, place alongside of a sunny window, or cover with a sheet of glass or cheesecloth and place in the direct sunlight for ten or twelve hours. If the sun is not bright and steady, allow the platters to remain for three or four days, or until the syrup is nearly jellied, then fill hot, sterile jars to one-half inch of the top. Adjust the rubbers, partially seal the covers, and sterilize in boiling water ten minutes or in a 250° F. oven twenty minutes. Seal and cool.

Sunshine Cherries may be made, using equal weights of sugar and cherries, after they have been pitted. Raspberries and currants are adapted to the same process.

Cherry-Pineapple Preserve

1 lb. dark red cherries 1¼ lbs. granulated sugar
½ lb. shredded pineapple

WASH, pit, and halve the cherries. Add the pineapple, which has been shredded by scraping one-half-inch slices of peeled pineapple with a silver fork, working from the core out. Add the fruit juice that collects and the sugar. Boil, stirring frequently, until the mixture when dropped on a cold plate is jelly-like. Pour into hot, sterile jars to one-half inch of the top. Partially seal, sterilize ten minutes in boiling water or twenty minutes in a 250° F. oven. Seal and cool.

Rhubarb Marmalade

4 lbs. of pink rhubarb 4 lbs. granulated sugar

CUT washed, drained rhubarb into one-half-inch lengths; arrange the fruit in alternate layers with the sugar in a covered kettle and let stand for one-half hour or until some juice has been drawn out. Then simmer gently, stirring often, for an hour or more, depending upon the shallowness of the fruit mixture in the pan. When a few drops of mixture on a cold plate jelly sufficiently for a marmalade effect, pour into hot, sterile glasses to within one-half inch of the top. Adjust the rubbers and partially seal the covers, then sterilize in boiling water ten minutes or in a 250° F. oven twenty minutes. Seal tight.

Drain the skimmed berries thoroughly of all syrup and spread them one layer deep in shallow trays or glass dishes.

Pour syrup over fruit and place in the sun.

Pineapple Preserves

1 pineapple ¾ lb. sugar for each pound of fruit

SLICE the peeled pineapple and tear it with a silver fork into rather large pieces, working from the core out. Weigh the fruit, place in a flat, large-bottomed kettle, add two cups of water or enough to prevent burning. Cover closely and cook gently until tender (from thirty to sixty minutes). Drain the pineapple. Add three-quarters pound of sugar for each pound of weighed fresh fruit to the water. Cook to 219° F. or until the syrup forms a light thread. Add the fruit and cook rapidly until the pineapple is clear. Pour into glasses, sterilize, and seal as indicated above.

Strawberry-Rhubarb Conserve

1½ lbs. strawberries 3 lbs. sugar
1½ lbs. rhubarb

CUT the washed unpeeled rhubarb into one-half-inch lengths. Mix the hulled, washed strawberries with the rhubarb and sugar. Let these stand fifteen minutes to extract some of the juice. Cook quickly, stirring frequently until the mixture jellies as it drops from the spoon. Pour into hot, sterile glasses, partially seal, sterilize in boiling water ten minutes or in a 250° F. oven twenty minutes. Seal and cool.

Strawberry Jelly

4 cups strawberries 2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 cups sugar

ADD the sugar to the washed, hulled strawberries. Let stand for fifteen minutes, or until some juice is extracted. Add the lemon juice and cook the mixture, stirring frequently until it is jelly-like when dropped on a cold plate. Pour into hot, sterile glasses, partially seal, and sterilize as indicated above.

This is particularly nice served over frozen desserts.

Fig Marmalade

1⅓ lbs. sugar
2 lbs. rhubarb
⅓ lb. pulled figs
1 lemon, juice and grated rind

COMBINE the washed rhubarb, which has been cut in one-half-inch lengths, with the minced figs and sugar. Let stand several hours, or overnight, to extract the juice. Add the lemon juice and grated rind. Cook the mixture quickly, stirring frequently, until it jellies as it drops from the spoon. Pour into hot, sterile glasses; partially seal. Sterilize in boiling water ten minutes or in a 250° F. oven twenty minutes. Seal and cool.

Hints for Making Successful Preserves

ALL preserves are best when made in small quantities, which may be cooked up quickly to the proper stage, as quick cooking best preserves the clear color, shape, and flavor of the fruit. For this reason, large, flat-bottomed kettles are recommended even for small quantities of fruit.

Preserves may be sealed with paraffin rather than in airtight sealed jars, except that care must be taken in carrying the jars to the preserve cupboard, for any shaking may break the paraffin seal and cause spoilage. For this reason airtight seals have been recommended in the recipes herein, although they are not essential.

Store the preserves, as well as all other canned fruits put up in glass, in cool, dark cupboards, as heat and light destroy the natural fruit colorings.

A Menu Book *of* Hot-Weather Recipes 10c.

"How Good Everything Tastes!"

Many a LIBERTY reader hears those welcome words, and smiles to think of the easy work her meals are. The secret is this little book, LIBERTY'S Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes.

You ought to have a copy of LIBERTY'S regular cook book, too, One Hundred Standard Recipes. Send 10 cents for each book (stamp or coin) and use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ A Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes—10c ☐ One Hundred Standard Recipes—10c. (Check the one you want. Check both if you want both.) I inclose ..... cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

6-19-26

Leslie Thrasher, the artist who will paint the pictures in LIBERTY'S new Cover Serial, and his models for Lil and Sandy.

Love o' Lil

The Picture Story of an American Family

BEST TITLE *for* EACH WEEK'S COVER WINS $1,000

MOST LIBERTY readers already know Lil and Lil's folks by sight. They've been appearing for the last few weeks on LIBERTY'S front cover. It's time now they were properly introduced. Brenda Ueland does the honors on these two pages, and she's sure you'll like them all—even the Old Man.

Now, for the real entertainment! From now on, the scenes from the life of Lil and her folks will appear on the cover *without a title.* And, beginning this week, LIBERTY will pay $1,000 for the best title submitted by a reader.

To help you to follow the plot from week to week, a short account of what has happened between times will be printed in each issue. For instance, here's the story of this week's cover:

> Sandy forgot that today is Lil's birthday, which hurt Lil quite a little. Sandy tried to find out what the trouble was, with no results. Lil made the most of the situation and Sandy became pretty desperate. While strolling along, Sandy plucked a few daisies, hoping to use them as a peace offering. He was trying to arouse Lil's interest by pulling the petals—"She loves me; she loves me not." The first one came out "she loves me not," when Junior, who had been hiding behind the tree, gave Sandy the raspberry. *(Continued next week.)*

Now you know as much about that picture as does the artist himself. All you have to do is to think of a good title. Read the article on these pages and the rules on Page 70. Then start thinking.

By BRENDA UELAND

LIBERTY is going to do something that no magazine has ever done before.

We are going to tell a serial story on our magazine covers.

Telling a story in pictures has been done in comic strips and in moving pictures. But heretofore all magazine covers have been disconnected pictures.

Sometimes these pictures present bits of comedy or pathos—such as, for example, a young prize fighter training for a bout by pushing a baby carriage. At Christmas, a picture of Santa Claus is always good; at Thanksgiving, a turkey gobbler or a Pilgrim Father.

For all the other issues in the year, it has been a long established custom that a magazine cover should contain pictures of a pretty girl.

Now, pretty girls with every color of eyes and hair have been used again and again—fondling animals, wearing every conceivable costume, riding in every known conveyance except, perhaps, a hand-car.

Pretty girls, all the public knows, are absolutely essential. They are interesting too. That is the basis of LIBERTY'S new idea.

Why not tell a story about a pretty girl, her mother, father, brothers, and her beaus? Let her be the prettiest young blonde stenographer in all the United States. And let her and her folks appear week after week on the cover of LIBERTY in pictures that tell what happens in their lives.

Now for the characters in this story and who they are.

We wanted to show you a typical American family. So we decided upon that of R. E. Morse, whose full name is Robert E. Lee Morse, although this is not generally known. Mr. Morse and his family live in a fairly large city and pride themselves that they are decidedly city folks; they know how to get on and off streetcars, and how to transfer, how to telephone long distance; and they don't faint when they get telegrams. Yet when they ride in a taxi in a really big city like Chicago or New York, they think uneasily of Crime Waves.

When Sandy finally has an evening alone with Lily, Mr. Morse is delighted to entertain them until midnight with his radio.

So the next time, Sandy plays safe by taking Lil to the movies, only to have her rave about a cake-eater.

Mr. Morse is good-natured, nearly fifty, and has a loud voice. His hair and mustache are the color and texture of a doormat and his nose is absolutely nothing like John Barrymore's. He is a baseball fan, and when he was fourteen was the best pitcher of his age in the small town where he was born.

Mr. Morse has a small real-estate business and

-Liberty's New Cover Serial

also sells a little insurance and coal. He owns his own house, which, though not in an exclusive residential neighborhood, is on a good street. There he has supported comfortably Mrs. Morse and their three children—Dwight, the oldest; Lily, the heroine of LIBERTY'S cover story; and Junior, who is ten.

The Morses own a five-passenger, 1922-model touring car, which ran very well until Dwight, a mechanical genius, took it apart and overhauled it. Mr. Morse has a radio, which he pretends he bought for his boys, and Mrs. Morse has a washing machine. She was the first woman in the block who had the courage to use a vacuum cleaner.

Mr. Morse is an easy-going, affectionate father. He has no favorites among his children. He likes them all exactly the same. But, as he says, he thinks Lily is the snappiest, prettiest, cutest young one he ever saw, and if one of those movie directors should see her, he certainly would try to get her to go in the pictures, although Gloria Swanson and her gang would probably be jealous of Lily and try to keep her out.

"Of course," Mr. Morse adds, "Lily's mother would never let her go into the movies on account of the life."

Lil, on her side, is kind to her father. The only times she has to be a little rough with him are when he shows his appalling ignorance of the correct thing in men's dress. For instance, according to Lil, he will sometimes be such a hick as to wear tan shoes with white flannel trousers! Or he will carry notebooks, pencils, and a fountain pen, all clipped to the outside breast-pocket of his coat.

Another of his lamentable tendencies is to go without a vest; also to take his coat off in hot weather and show a pair of pink arm garters; to buy his hats three sizes too small; and once he let the barber shave his neck. All these matters Lily has to watch.

Mrs. Morse is a fine housekeeper, one of the most active ladies in her church, and likewise in the Ladies' Auxiliary of Mr. Morse's lodge. She is very industrious. As she tells her neighbors, she wouldn't have a maid for anything—because she is too particular, and because you can never trust the maids you get nowadays to do things halfway decent; you have to keep after them.

Once in a while, when Mrs. Morse is displeased with Mr. Morse, she will remark that she hasn't had her apron off in twenty years! Will she ever take it off? She doubts it!

If Mr. Morse makes any further remarks, Mrs. Morse reminds him bitterly how five years ago he came home from a stag party at the lodge—with liquor on his breath! All of which makes Mr. Morse feel terribly ashamed of himself, and he resolves inwardly to be a better father to his children.

But Mrs. Morse, except for these occasional moments of turpitude, is a cheerful, capable, bustling woman.

Now for Lily. Lily Morse is five feet five inches tall; and she has such a stunning figure that her friends say they bet anything she would be taken in the Ziegfeld Follies if she once went to New York and applied. Her measurements, they have ascertained, are exactly like those of Miss America as published in the papers, except that Miss America, from her photographs in a one-piece bathing suit, is knock-kneed and Lily isn't.

Lil graduated from high school several months ago. She took the commercial course. Now she is a stenographer. She is such a sweet little girl, "So nice and willing," says her boss, that he overlooks the fact that she can't spell "separate," "judgment," "effectual," "profession," and many other words and that her idea of punctuation is to make a comma every once in a while. She earns eighteen dollars a week.

Lil is up on everything. She knows dances that are newer than the Charleston. And she has an adoring, anxious admirer in Sandford Jenkins, better known as "Sandy."

And Mr. Morse, who thinks the movies are a bad influence, goes one hot afternoon and has a mean experience.

While Sandy was away on what he likes to think of as a big deal, Lil meets a fascinating stranger.

From Lily's attitude toward Sandy you would think she found his attentions a nuisance. When the members of her family tell her Sandy is on the telephone, a look of extreme annoyance comes over her face. On the other hand, as the time approaches for Sandy to telephone, it has been found that three hook-and-ladders going by the house at full speed couldn't lure Lil outdoors.

Sandy Jenkins is twenty-one. He went to high school for two years, but concluded that education is a lot of cheese, with the punk teachers they have nowadays, and with the big business opportunities that there are all around.

Sandy has been working at various things for four years, his jobs terminating sometimes more suddenly than he had planned. Just now he has made good selling motor trucks and has got as high as $27.50 a week.

But business problems are as nothing to the agony he suffers from the fact that Lil almost daily sees some man who is the stunningest thing she ever saw. And because it seems (from what she tells him) she is always passing up chances to marry millionaire society men or to become a movie star.

Sandy Jenkins, however, has some very fine things to recommend him: 1. Six feet tall in his stocking feet. 2. Can sing close harmony. 3. Can chin himself twenty-five times. 4. Good spender.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Which Lil's boss has reason to regret because thereafter she does nothing all day but make close-ups.

Then, on Memorial Day, Mr. R. E. Morse, who has always claimed to be very handy with his hands, proves it.

Heed the little thirst

-the *big ones* take care of themselves

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Refresh Yourself

That little dry feeling in your mouth and throat, with a tickle of your palate that makes you think how good a drink would taste—a cold glass of the drink you like best ....

That's just a little thirst. But big thirsts take care of themselves, compelling you to drink. The little thirst is nature's true signal, letting you know that the moisture in your system is about run low.

Nature reinforces thirst with taste and appetite—calling for Coca-Cola.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

7 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

Then there are the two Morse boys, Dwight and Junior. Dwight Morse is an older man of twenty-three, who thinks Sandy's affection for Lil is the world's choicest example of puppy love. As for Junior, he is the kind of ten-year-old boy that everybody knows. He likes dogs. He likes dead snakes. He collects transfers. He has to be made to wash his hands three times before he can come to lunch. As for romantic love between men and women, razzberries!

So those are the characters in our new picture serial. The artist who is creating and painting this story is Leslie Thrasher.

Leslie Thrasher is thirty-six years old. He was born in Piedmont, West Virginia. He studied art at the Philadelphia Academy. At sixteen, he won a scholarship which took him to Paris. On his return, he went to Wilmington, Delaware, studying with Howard Pyle, one of America's greatest illustrators.

Did he ever aspire to be an Art artist, like Whistler or Sargent?

"Yes, I did. In Wilmington I painted some portraits. But I didn't like it. You have to drum up business by going to teas and trying to be a social lion, and I didn't shine at it. So I came to New York and began working for magazines and advertising companies."

Then he went to war. And there, he says, he "really learned to draw."

Leslie Thrasher's people aren't vague types. They are real. Magazine-cover girls are usually idealized beauties. But Leslie Thrasher's Lily Morse is as clearly defined in her portraits as a living person.

Mr. Thrasher doesn't look like your romantic idea of an artist. That is, he doesn't wear peg-top velvet pants and a tam-o'-shanter. He is short, sturdy, with rough reddish hair and mustache. As for his face, if you want to know, he is a dead-ringer for Mr. Robert E. Lee Morse.

"You see," said Mr. Thrasher, "we decided Mr. Morse should be a nice, clumsy, middle-aged man with big mits and a loud voice—but with few claims to beauty.

"So whenever I paint Mr. Morse, by a complicated system of mirrors, I paint a portrait of myself.

"But to paint such a pretty girl as Lily, I assure you I had to look a long time to find a model!"

$1,000 a Week for a Title

READ the story on page 68, then look carefully at the picture on the front of this issue of LIBERTY and give it a title. There's $1,000 for you if you win.

When you have picked the best one you can think of for *this week* and have sent it in according to the rules, get a head start on *next week's* contest by studying the little picture at the right.

This picture will appear on *the next issue* of LIBERTY. It shows Lil lying in a hammock. What is she thinking about? Is she happy or is she sad? See if you can guess—then read the story of the picture in next week's LIBERTY and get ready to choose Title No. 2.

This picture will be on the cover of LIBERTY next week.

RULES

There are no complicated rules and regulations. Just a few simple points.

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY's New Cover Serial—"For the Love o' Lil"—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 LIBERTY will pay one prize of $1,000 in cash for the best answer submitted.

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy and girl, except employes of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon can be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, June 26, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Somebody will win $1,000—It might just as well be You!

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 1

My title for the LIBERTY cover of June 19 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words, telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

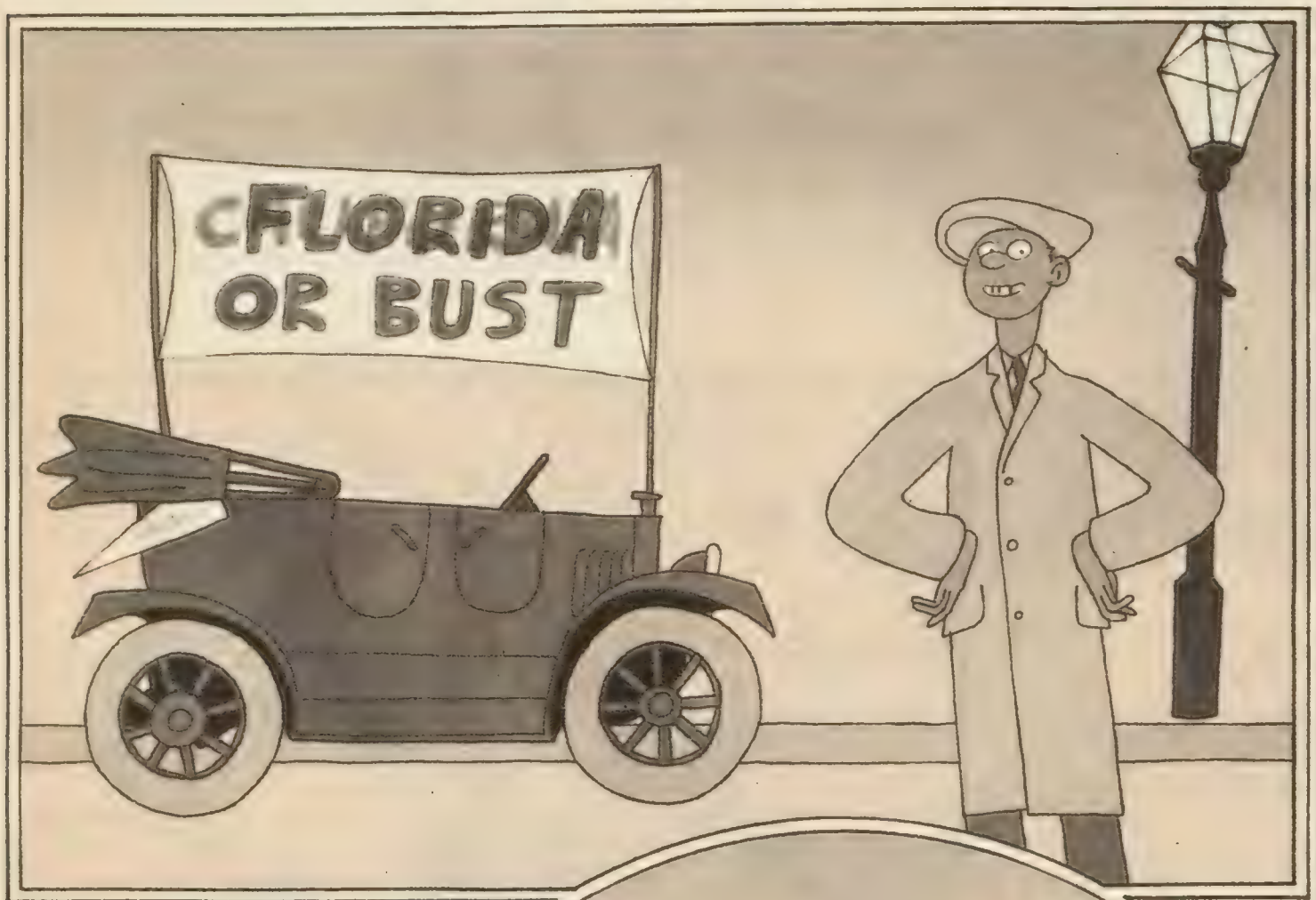
Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

GRAPHIC SECTION

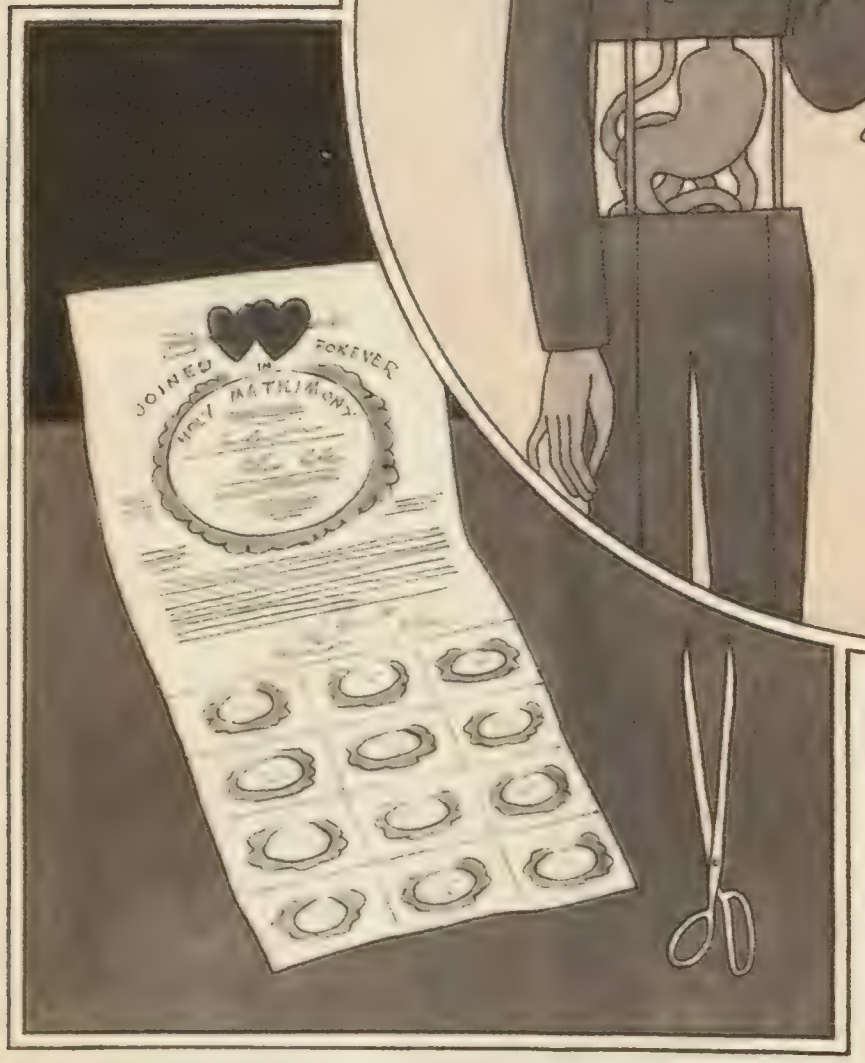
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



LOODON van K. RUSTONMERE, of Prairie Park, Iowa, who claims to have attended every gold rush and real-estate boom in the United States during the past ten years.

STRINGBATT UNIVERSITY YOUTH sets example to ambitious young folk throughout the country, by working his way through college, with light bandit work in the evenings.



ELKTON, MARYLAND, issues new handy form of marriage certificate with dozen divorce coupons attached.

DR. L. M. WAZ demonstrates, with a model, his new non-corroding lead stomach for American citizens, for use in case prohibition continues in force.

FINAL AND CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT WOMEN ARE MEN'S EQUALS IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES: Miss May Buff accepts a position as street-sweeper in Chicago.

"I Wanted to Smile Right Back . . ."

"I knew he meant it when he told me I danced beautifully. I just wanted to smile right back and say something nice to him, too. But . . ."

* * *

Don't ever let your teeth embarrass you. Use Colgate's . . . and flash a happy smile.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty. But even more important . . . it will help keep your teeth and gums healthy.

Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. Germs can't lurk in the warm, dark interior of your mouth when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay.

And you'll like the taste . . . priced right, too.

Large tube 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
581 Fifth Avenue, New York

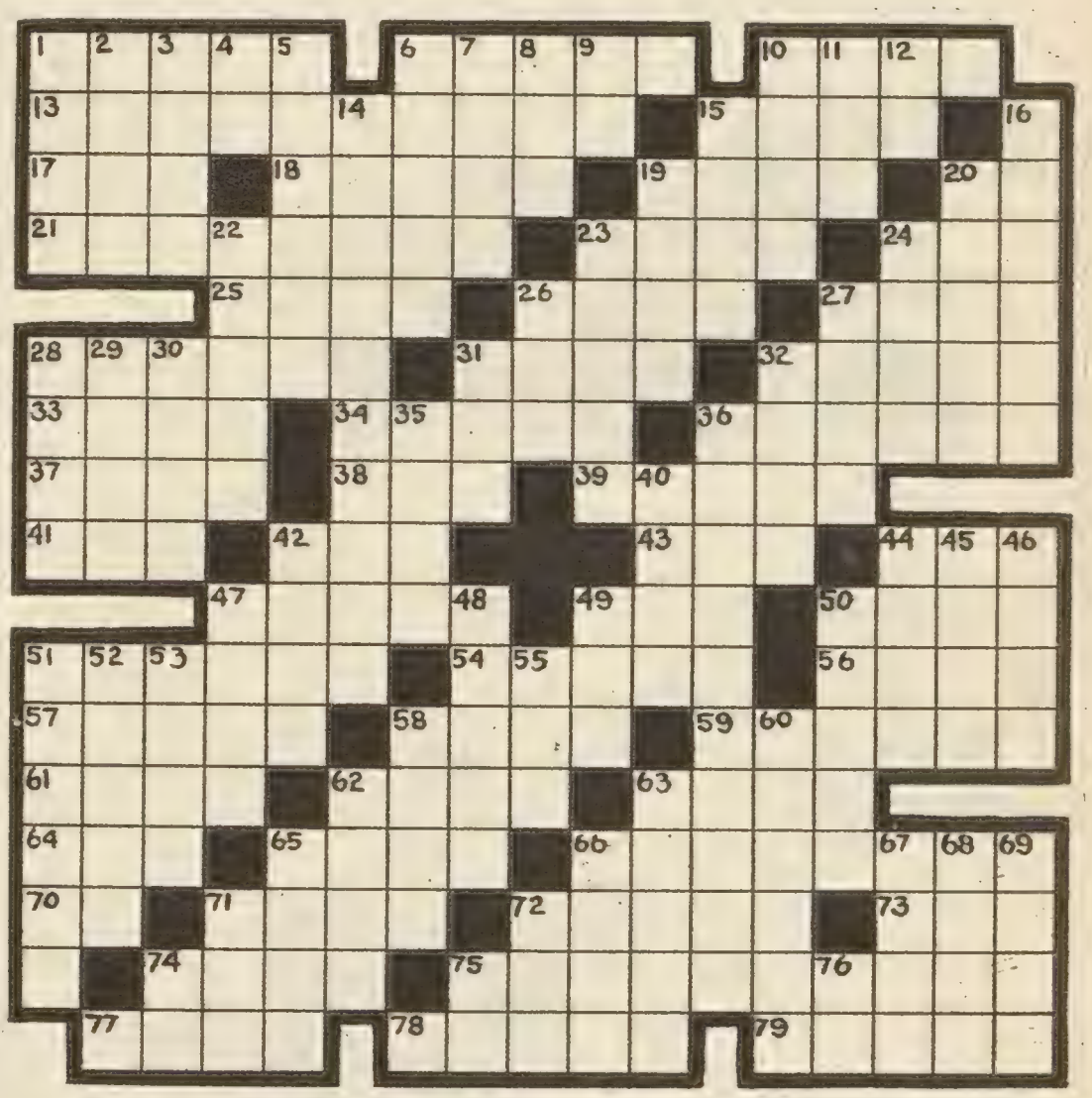
protect your teeth and gums with—

removes causes of tooth decay

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 72

By JAMES W. WHITE

IF you guess Number 35 vertical, you have the answer to a word used in every newspaper office in the country. The word has a Latin derivation, but is known wherever newspapers are printed throughout the entire world. If you are a newspaperwoman or have a newspaperman in your family, you should pass up this word and let someone else make the first guess at it.

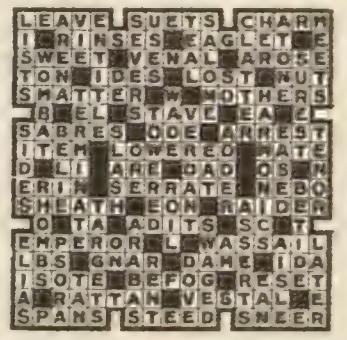


HORIZONTAL

1 A group of islands in the Pacific
6 Practical unit of electrical capacity
10 A small drink
13 Perspires
15 To ravel
17 To be indisposed
18 A country of northern Africa
19 To percolate
20 By
21 Made tight, as a ship's hatches
23 To boil gently
24 Illuminated
25 Portions of curved lines
26 To distribute
27 Commanded
28 Most unusual
31 To float aloft
32 Arrives at a given place
33 Ellipse
34 A court officer
36 Freest from moral defilement
37 Fondles
38 Took nourishment
39 Austere
41 Rather than
42 Indian of a Shoshonean tribe
43 Native metal
44 To obstruct
47 Worries
49 A pronoun
50 An assumed part
51 Treats with contempt
54 Feminine proper name
56 To smooth with a hot implement
57 Relieves of strain
58 The seat of the intellect
59 Dozed
61 Indian of an Algonquian tribe
62 Resting place of a corpse
63 A thread of metal
64 A contracted form of over
65 To shift
66 The brain case or brain cap
70 Initials of a State named for an Indian tribe
71 To discover
72 Pares
73 Commotion
74 Outer covering of a fruit
75 Cut transversely
77 To apportion
78 South African colonists
79 Place of occurrence or action

VERTICAL

1 To puncture
2 A melody
3 Substance used in brewing
4 A preposition
5 Flowers
6 Mulcts
7 Barren
8 The matter or thing (law)
9 While
10 Dragged
11 A quick, smart blow
12 Yea
14 Separates written matter into sentences, etc., by appropriate marks
15 Sensation communicated by touch
16 To certify
19 A heavenly body
20 Military assistants
22 Chinese coins
23 Burns
24 Crippled
26 A deer
27 Inborn
28 Heavy cord
29 Assert
30 To have rank
31 A pronoun
32 Remedial treatment of disease
35 Restore: a proofreader's term
36 Plants that live from year to year
40 The character of a sound
42 Vases
44 A hamlet
45 A drug-yielding plant of the lily family
46 To restore from injury
47 Without cost
48 Very thin or transparent
49 Aged
50 To bring to maturity
51 A backer
52 Peeled
53 Employer
55 Part of the head
58 Hastened
60 Ascends
62 To make crooked
63 A small singing bird (plural)
65 A climbing plant
66 An animal
67 Part of the head
68 An Arabian seaport
69 A complication or difficulty, as in a drama
71 A spasm
72 A prefix; before
74 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
75 Toward
76 Cubic centimeter (initials)



Answer to Puzzle No. 71

From Harvard *to the* Southland *via* Vienna

Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

BROWN OF HARVARD

Directed by Jack Conway A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE CAST:

Tom Brown.....*William Haines*
Jim Doolittle.....*Jack Pickford*
Mary Abbott.....*Mary Brian*
Bob McAndrews.....*Francis X. Bushman, Jr.*
Mrs. Brown.....*Mary Alden*
Mr. Brown.....*David Torrence*
Professor Abbott.....*Edward Connelly*

IF all Harvard boys were like Brown of Harvard, it wouldn't be safe for a girl to walk unchaperoned around and about the campuses and environs of Fair Harvard, Cambridge, Mass. For one of the sheiklike creatures would be sure to make her fall for him, and then he would carve another notch in his sheik belt, which records his conquests d'amour, and move on to the next victim.

Such is the character portrayed by William Haines in Brown of Harvard. Tom Brown (William Haines) went to Harvard as a freshman with all expectations of conquering everyone, from girls to crew and football coaches. But the first girl he ever came across that he really loved, Mary Abbott (Mary Brian), daughter of a professor, he found did not respond to the kind of wooing he was used to serving up. At least, she wouldn't admit that she did. But then, I don't see why she should. Tom Brown didn't exactly use cave-man methods. He was just a bit too fresh and inclined to take his charms for granted. And so Mary sort of gave him the air.

Mary Brian

And that wasn't the only blow to this ukelele virtuoso, who seemed to be extremely popular with the boys because of his breezy, wise-cracking manner. His rival for the favor of the fair maiden, a studious, ultra-respectable lad, Bob McAndrews (Francis X. Bushman, Jr.), gets the seat of stroke on the freshman crew that Tom had his eye on.

Well, things mightn't have been so bad. Mary might have fallen for him finally. But Tom had to go and get himself into disgrace. The night before the Yale-Harvard freshman race finds the stroke with a bad wrist. Enter the coach, frantically looking for Brown. Jim Doolittle (Jack Pickford), his adoring and pint-size room mate, hides the fact from the coach that Tom Brown is uproariously intoxicated, and gets Tom into the race the next day. But Tom, being slightly out of condition, collapses, and the race is lost. Of course it leaks out that there was a reason and Tom's name is mud around Fair Harvard's campus.

William Haines

The next season, to redeem himself, Tom rushes into a Yale-Harvard football game at the last minute, and, with an injury which he nobly, not to mention heroically, waves aside, wins the game for Harvard, sacrifices the making of the touchdown to his rival, *and* wins the girl.

The picture isn't bad college stuff.

THE GREATER GLORY

Directed by Curt Rehfeld A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Count Maxim von Hartig.....*Conway Tearle*
Fanny.....*Anna Q. Nilsson*
Corinne.....*May Allison*
Pauli Birbach.....*Ian Keith*
Tante Ilde.....*Lucy Beaumont*
Gustav Schmidt.....*Jean Hersholt*
Dr. Herman von Berg.....*Nigel de Bruiler*

AMID flame and fury, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are galloping madly over the screen again, in symbolical style, just as they did in that movie for which one Blasco Ibanez was responsible. In fact, The Greater Glory is pretty much on the order of the Ibanez Apocalypse business, having a couple of symbolical figures besides the four riders, one of them a scissors grinder who goes around sharpening knives symbolically.

This is another war picture, set in Vienna, beginning pre-war and ending post-war. You'll learn all about how the war started because an Austrian archduke was killed. And then you'll see how much worse it was for the Viennese to starve in peace than to die in war. Certainly it presents some of the anti-war arguments in dramatic manner.

Anna Q. Nilsson

Fortunately for those of us who are weary of movies about the war, there is plenty of footage in which the romance of the story outweighs the producers' zeal in presenting the havoc war wrought in care-free and light-hearted Vienna.

I may be a little dumb this week, but I'm afraid I can't explain what the "greater glory" in this story is. But, at any rate, the story concerns a large Viennese family, headed by Tante Ilde, and containing a certain Fanny (Anna Q. Nilsson), who in the beginning of the picture gets into disgrace because she is mixed up in an escapade to aid a girl friend. On account of this, Fanny's engagement to Count von Hartig (Conway Tearle) is broken.

Then came, not the dawn, but war; and Fanny, being most decidedly not on speaking terms with her relatives, drifts into the job of scrub lady, from which she is rescued, if such you would consider it, by a war profiteer, Gustav Schmidt (Jean Hersholt), who sets her up in lavish style and provides her with a salon where gather all the gay Viennese whom the war has not made poverty-stricken. Here the Count finds Fanny. And as it had been his fond mamma who had broken the engagement for him, he finds that he still loves her madly, but he's too poor to take her away.

Ian Keith

Meanwhile Fanny spends much of Herr Schmidt's money in heaping coals of fire upon the heads of all her relatives, who become penniless. And Fanny gets the Count in the end, never fear.

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN

Directed by J. Stuart Blackton A Warner Brothers Picture

THE CAST:

Jude Lowrie.....*Patsy Ruth Miller*
Sid Hunt.....*John Harron*
Andy.....*Gayne Whitman*
Rufe.....*Gardner James*
Dave Hunt.....*James Marcus*
Matt.....*Wilfred North*
Meg.....*Evelyn Seible*

THE play was one thing, and the movie was another. I'm speaking of Hell Bent fer Heaven. I didn't see the play, but from what I've heard it had a little more to it than the movie of the same name.

But then, that isn't entirely the fault of those who made the picture. I don't imagine the censors would have cared to see the character of Rufe, the degenerate religious fanatic, offered to the movie public. Rufe of the movie is merely a meddling, lovesick fool who makes everybody most uncomfortable by his lying, and finally comes to a bad end because he can't swim.

Patsy Ruth Miller

He is a religious fanatic to the extent of reading Pilgrim's Progress when he ought to be getting water from the well, or offering to pray for people's souls when he has them in a position where it looks as if they needed instead a little last-minute spiritual aid and comfort.

Gardner James, who plays Rufe, seems to be a talented young man. He plays the hypocritical fanatic with considerable intelligence, although occasionally he seems to be under the influence of directorial admonition, which kept reminding him that he was playing a part in which he must look slightly crazy.

Imagine what can happen when such a character is turned loose in the Kentucky mountains against the background of a Kentucky feud that has lain dormant for years, put to sleep by the advance of civilization.

You're right—that's exactly what does happen. Rufe stirs up the feud between the Hunts and the Lowries because Sid Hunt and Jude Lowrie are in love. Rufe, the Hunts' hired man, also loves lovely Jude, and feels that Providence has destined her for himself.

Thus Rufe works all his mischief with a sanctimonious smirk that will make you want to slay him one moment, and the next you feel sorry for him because he really does love the girl. He charges all the damage off to Providence, fans the flames of hatred with lies until the guns of the Hunts and the Lowries once more come down from the wall, and gunning parties are in order.

John Harron

Jude's brother is influenced by Rufe to take a shot at Sid, but misses. Rufe then dynamites a dam to get rid of Sid—but you know how impossible it is to kill a hero.

The flood is the same one you always like so well, and there is no reason to believe that you won't enjoy this picture.

Everything *about* Weddings

You Find a Partner— We Tell You the Rest

An Article by
INEZ CUNNINGHAM

IT is told of a famous beau, trained to the social whirl as Pavlowa to the ballet, that at his own wedding he was guilty of several glaring *faux pas*. Reprimanded by his mother, he replied: "But, my dear, I am not accustomed to getting married."

In these words he entered the plea and defense of all his fellow males. Not so for women! They do not need excuses. Every woman of twenty is accustomed to getting married because she has been thinking of it since she was ten—or is it seven?

As soon as Madeleine is engaged, the fiance's mother calls. The three women talk happily of the approaching wedding. The prospective bride has set the date. It has been announced. The festivities are on.

Madeleine selects her attendants—six bridesmaids, three from among her oldest friends, her cousin, and two sisters of her fiance. For matron of honor she chooses her best friend, who was married last year.

Then, at a luncheon, she tells them all just what she would like them to wear. She brings samples of the materials and colors and little sketches of the style. Usually all the bridesmaids' dresses are alike. The matron of honor's is slightly more elaborate.

Madeleine selects her trousseau—enough clothes to last her at least one year. She must also furnish all the household linen for her future home.

Wedding invitations must be sent out not later than a fortnight, nor earlier than three weeks, before the ceremony. The officiating clergyman, of course, will be the pastor of Madeleine's church.

Her fiance must see that the flowers are selected for the bridal party. He must buy the ring and get some money changed into gold, for in that form it is given to the minister. He must order conveyances to bring the bridal party back from the church to the house where the reception is to be, and, above all, he must select a responsible best man.

The groomsman must go with his principal to call on the minister. He must see that the bridegroom is properly clad and waiting at the church before the bridal party arrives; that the flowers are delivered. He must be custodian of the ring and hand it to the bridegroom at the right moment. He must, likewise, be custodian of the minister's fee, and hand that to the bridegroom, who gives it to the minister in the sacristy before the wedding.

HERE comes the bride! One of the high spots in New York's social season.

THE best man arranges the details for the wedding journey. He must have a conveyance waiting for the bridal pair and help them slip off during the reception. The six ushers may be chosen for their jollity, but the groomsman must be a responsible soul.

The guests assemble at the church, each following an usher to the bride's or groom's side of the church, according to which family was responsible for the invitation. Those who are going on to the wedding breakfast may be distinguished from those who were invited only to the ceremony, because the former have worn afternoon garb, while the latter have not troubled to dress otherwise than for the street.

Groom, groomsman, and minister appear at the altar from the sacristy. Here comes the bride! Through the church advances the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

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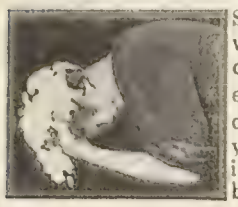

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[EVERYTHING ABOUT WEDDINGS] Continued from Page Seventy-four

bright procession, the six bridesmaids with their huge bouquets in the lead. A proper interval between the girlish figures—then the matron of honor, also carrying her burden of flowers.

A pause, slight but dramatic, before the bride appears on the arm of her father, a vision of white loveliness. The bride! With the historic grace of queens, unhurried and serene—only the quivering of leaves on her sheaf of lilies to indicate the beating of her heart—she advances to meet life and love in the person of a shadowy young man dressed in conventional black.

When the bride reaches the chancel the groom comes forward to meet her. Her father places her right hand in the right hand of the groom and fades as gracefully as may be out of the picture. The bride and groom ascend the steps together. The bridesmaids range themselves in a semicircle on the bride's side of the altar, leaving room for the matron of honor, who steps into her place. The minister then asks the questions.

Clearing away the crowd at a fashionable New York wedding.

ALMOST before the groom has had time to finish the responses, the groomsman has handed him the ring, a beautiful face is turned expectantly to his and he kisses—his wife. Sentimental old ladies wipe away their tears. The organist plays the other march—which the groomsman hums, no doubt, to, Oh, gee, I'm glad I'm free! The recessional has begun.

The bride descends from the altar on the arm of her husband. Matron of honor and groomsman follow. Then the procession of bridesmaids, each maid on the arm of an usher.

THIS picture of a perfectly correct wedding is, no doubt, every woman's vision of what her own wedding should be.

But little beasts of circumstance eat voraciously into dreams; so in our wedding, as in our lives, we must try to make a happy compromise. Pretentious weddings are sometimes as false as amateur theatricals.

A case comes to mind of a wealthy girl, married last year in Chicago, with four-column heads in the newspapers about the value of her gifts; private trains bringing guests from all over the country. The bride chose a wedding gown and veil so ridiculously elaborate that she was unable to sit down in them, and had to be driven to the church standing in a motor van lined with white satin.

The simplest of weddings, on the other hand, may be as heart-stirring as an old song; as beautiful as the coming of spring. Simplicity appeals to the heart of man.

One essential to a wedding in perfect taste is to have it in accord with the social and financial circumstances of the bride. A wedding must be paid for by her family. Her mother must be hostess.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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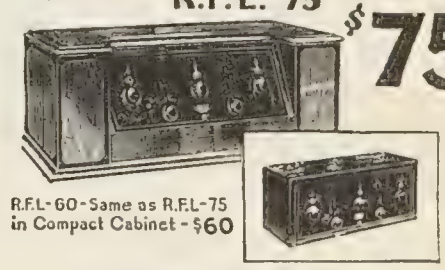

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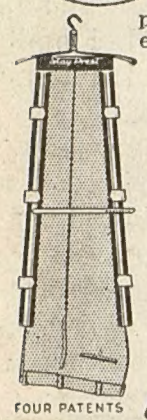

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

A certain girl in New York of a rather poor family married into a very old and wealthy one. She mistakenly allowed the family of the groom to provide an expensive wedding for her, thus causing much criticism, not only of herself and her mother, but of the groom's mother, who usurped the privileges of hostess in another woman's place.

The expenses the groom is permitted to defray are for flowers and conveyances from the church to the house. He also pays the minister's fee. It is never less than ten dollars and usually a great deal more.

The bride may choose the sort of wedding she is to have, its date, time, and place, but she should try, in all things, to please her fiance.

A tragedy lately came about because of neglect to compromise with the wishes of a certain young man in a small Mid-Western city. The mother of the bride, being socially prominent, determined to make her daughter's wedding the event of the season. But when the girl told her fiance, he rebelled. He wanted "a sacred little wedding," as he confided to a friend.

The girl told her mother, who replied: "Nonsense! All men are like that. We'll just go ahead with our plans and not say anything to him about it until we have to." The result was rescinded invitations, undesirable publicity, a broken engagement. The young man wrote to his fiancee: "It wasn't only your wedding, you know. I was to have been there, too."

THE hour of a wedding depends upon personal preference. It is seldom that it conflicts with the dinner hour, because it is considered better taste for the bride and groom not to be obliged to sit through the courses of a formal dinner, but to be able to slip away whenever they can do so quietly.

Before her departure the bride cuts the cake and throws her bouquet. She stands on a chair and, with her back to the company, throws it over her head. Only the unmarried women present try to catch it, the superstition being that the lucky one will be the next bride.

If the wedding is in the morning, it is usually followed by a breakfast. It may vary from the more formal sort of luncheon menu to that of a light buffet luncheon. Afternoon and early evening weddings call for reception menus, which may be from three light courses—one hot and two cold—to the usual salad, sandwiches, rolls, ices, and cakes.

At a later evening wedding—if the ceremony is at eight-thirty or after—a supper menu may be served. This does not differ much

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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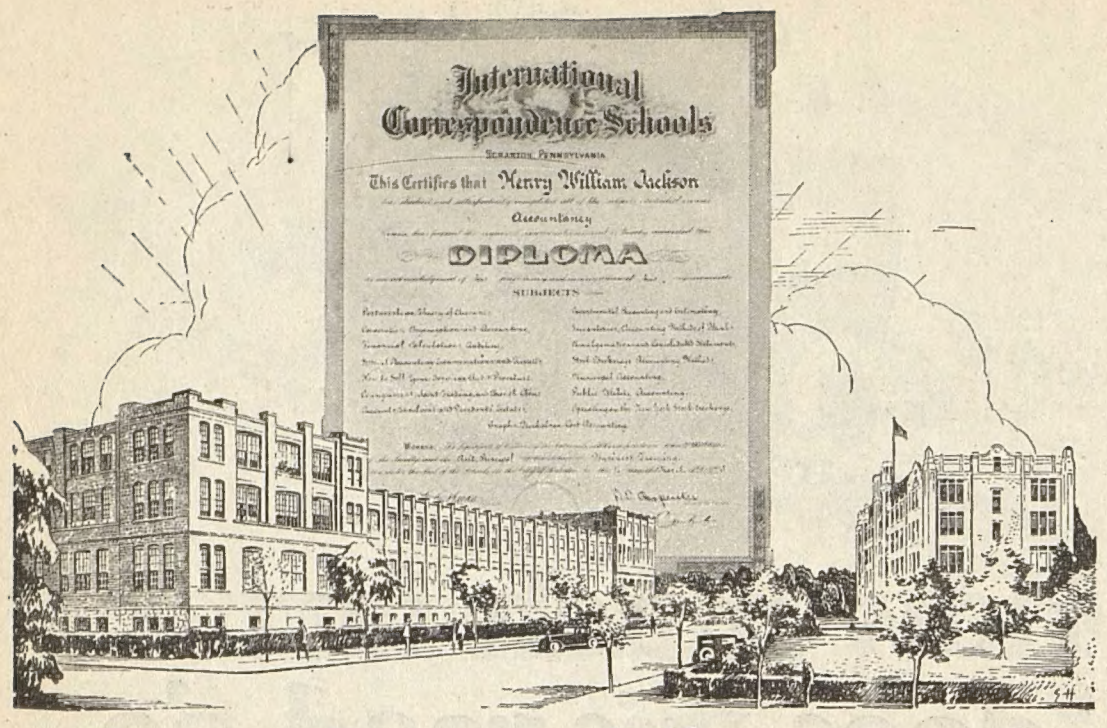

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Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Private Secretary	☐ Good English
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Spanish	☐ Civil Service
☐ Traffic Management	☐ French	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Business Law	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Advertising	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Business Correspondence	☐ Illustrating
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Show Card Lettering	☐ Cartooning

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☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Metallurgy	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Radio	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Architect	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Blueprint Reading	☐ Navigation
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Present position.....

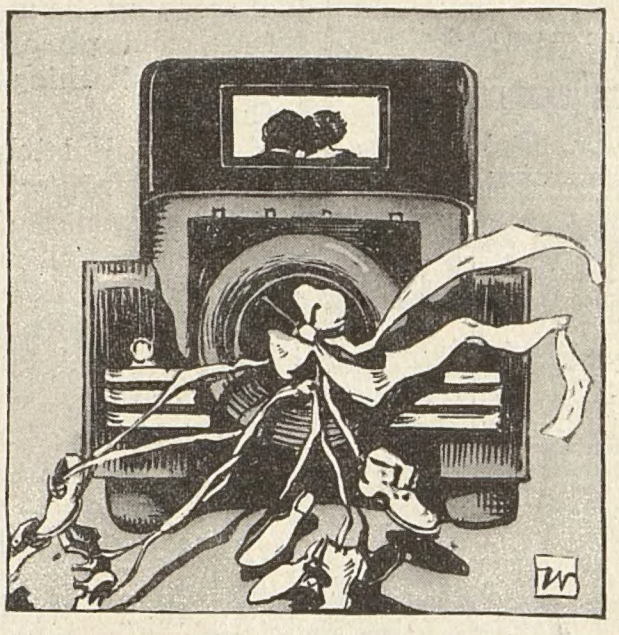
Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

[EVERYTHING ABOUT WEDDINGS Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

from the breakfast in heartiness, and may be served either on small tables or buffet.

Even in the case of a buffet supper, a special table for the bridal party often is provided. Bridal parties always sit together, and the arrangement of guests is left to the discretion of the bride's mother. The minister usually has the place at her right hand. For evening weddings, dancing is always in order, since it is considered lucky to have dancing.

At late afternoon weddings it is fashionable now to have dance music for the younger people. At all weddings the bridal party, as well as mothers and fathers, form a line and greet the guests.



At home or hotel weddings, the procession is the same as that at a church. The groomsman, groom, and minister wait at an improvised altar; attendants precede the bride, who appears on the arm of her father or next of kin.

Unless a ballroom or other large room is available, the bride does not have more than two attendants. After the home ceremony, the recessional is often dispensed with and the line formed immediately. This is a much better plan, as it saves confusion.

WEDDING gifts may be displayed at the ceremony, but the donors' cards must be removed.

All gifts should be sent to the bride. They are never given to the groom, and, if engraved, should be marked with the initials of the bride's maiden name; never with the groom's initials. Wedding gifts may be sent any time after the announcement of the engagement up to the wedding eve. The bride gives small personal gifts to her attendants; the groom also to his. He makes a gift of jewelry to the bride. She may give him a present if she wishes, but she need not.

The correct bridal gown is a simple one of white silk, satin, or chiffon, embroidered or trimmed with real lace. It is never very low cut, even for formal evening weddings, and may even have sleeves if desired. The veil may be of lace or tulle. If the wedding is in the daytime and in church, it is considered smarter to wear hats.

CORRECT garb for the groom and his attendants is morning coat, gray striped trousers, pearl gray cravat, and varnished boots for daytime. Full evening dress after 6 o'clock—swallowtail coats, white waistcoats, white ties.

In many smaller communities in America to dress in a morning coat would be to do the absurd. Why should a man who has no need of one before or after his wedding, go to the expense of buying one for that occasion? Weddings can be just as merry with the groom in blue serge and the bride in a traveling gown.

For a woman married at a civil ceremony only a tailored costume is proper.

That the woman takes precedence over the man in wedding customs is indicated by many things.

A girl marrying a widower may have as elaborate a wedding as she chooses.

But a widow—either grass or sod—must have a quiet ceremony when she remarries. She, of course, never wears white or a veil. She should never have more than two attendants.

Guests who receive invitations to a church ceremony only, need not reply. Those who find a card inclosed, inviting them to a reception or breakfast, must respond at once; not later than three days.

So much for Mrs. Grundy's rules. They need not worry us too much.

It seems to me, and to many others I am sure, that one should be permitted to make some delightful social errors at one's wedding—to wear, if necessary, old clothes and simple ones, so long as one puts on the wedding garments of courtesy and hospitality.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly, and how to clear your complexion of blemishes. You also may want to know how to have lovely teeth and beautiful but useful hands. Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your query or queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

It took the death of a beautiful dancer to prove this beauty secret

Only Clear Soap Cleanses Pores to Their Very Roots and Brings Clear Skin

A GREAT stage—a receptive audience—a daring young dancer, her body painted brilliantly in many colors—and then her sudden collapse at the height of her performance.

This is the dramatic case stage history reveals—and every woman can profit by its lesson.

For the dancer died simply because her pores were so completely clogged by paint that functions of the entire body were impaired.

Certainly beauty, and health itself depend largely on keeping pores cleansed.

Yet very few toilet soaps do this. They are too coarse, too grainy. They merely clog pores, enlarge them, and blemishes follow.

But Jap Rose cleanses pores to their very roots.

You know that merely to look at it; so pure you can see through it. And, of course, since the ingredients are so pure they dissolve perfectly in water. No wonder that they enter the tiniest pores, cleanse them and pass on without clogging.

She painted her body to attain fame—and paid a fatal price for it. For clogged pores speedily caused her death.

Jap Rose is truly the clear soap for a clear skin. And women who know the truth about pore cleanliness use it constantly, not only for skin but for shampoo—a real delight.

Be Thankful if Your Skin Tingles

After you first use Jap Rose you will probably experience a pleasant tingling of your skin. That is evidence that pores that were never really clean before are at last clean, that your skin is on the way to improvement, that you have said good-bye to blackheads and blemishes.

Try Jap Rose and *feel* its tonic ingredients cleanse and stimulate the five miles of tiny pores in your body.

The very smartest women use Jap Rose because it beautifies naturally.

Jap Rose is never sold except in package form. Look for the golden soap in the yellow carton.

Accept
No Substitutes

JAP ROSE SOAP

The clear soap for a clear complexion

the cake 10 *cents*

The clothes in your wash every week are worth more than $100

Give them the same protection you give fine fabrics—for only 4¢ a week

3 men's shirts	$6.00*	4 suits children's underwear	4.00
1 suit men's underwear	2.00	1½ dozen handkerchiefs	5.00
1 pair pajamas	3.00	4 sheets	8.00
3 housedresses	9.00	5 pillow slips	5.00
2 aprons	2.00	8 table napkins	6.00
1 nightgown	2.00	2 table-cloths	10.00
1 muslin step-in	2.00	Table doilies	5.50
5 boy's blouses	10.00	4 bath towels	4.00
1 pair boy's pajamas	2.00	8 hand towels	5.00
7 pairs rompers	21.00	6 kitchen towels	1.00
3 girl's dresses	9.00		$123.00
1 girl's nightgown	1.50		

* Average prices from medium-priced department store

THE CLOTHES you launder every week—have you stopped to think of their value in dollars and cents?

See the list above! The typical bare necessities for cleanliness in an average family! Values conservatively quoted by a medium-priced department store. Over a hundred dollars at the very least! Many families—yours perhaps—wash clothes worth twice as much every Monday.

Poor economy, isn't it, not to give these costly clothes the care that they deserve!

You learn from your finer things that the way you *wash* your clothes affects their length of life more than the way you *wear* them. Your silk stockings, your dainty lingerie—you've long since found out how to make them give the utmost service by washing them the safe Lux way. And always you've noticed how white and soft Lux leaves your hands.

All your clothes are costly nowadays. Sheets and towels are not cheap. You can't afford to trust even these plainer things to common laundry soap! Remember how it stung your hands? Now you can save them and your clothes, too!

Wash everything now with Lux—rich, creamy, sudsy Lux! How much cleaner, brighter, whiter, all your clothes will look. Better yet, how much longer they will last. Pure Lux that protects the plainer, everyday fabrics as well as the delicate silken ones, guards their color, washes out *all* the dirt, but gently, so that none of the fibres are destroyed. Pure Lux that protects the soft whiteness of your hands.

For just 4c more than harsh soap costs, you *save dollars* in wear and tear on clothes—you use Lux for *everything*. Try it next wash day. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Now let Lux save your hands in the laundry just as it does when you wash out a bit of finery —when you wash dishes

Enough Lux in the big new package for two average washings